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The Week

HIRAM JOHNSON has done himself no good and Mr. Coolidge no harm, by suggesting that the President has purchased the support of Henry Ford with Muscle Shoals and tax revision. If Ford really desired to be President, no such arrangement would mean anything to him; and in any event, Mr. Coolidge has too much common sense to offer such a bargain. It is much more likely that Ford on impulse decided that he had had enough of the peculiar sort of publicity he has been getting for the past year or two, and followed the dictates of his momentary allegiance. Ford's radicalism was never very deep nor wide. Someone had pumped into his head a theory about fiat money, just as someone else once made him believe that he could stop the war with his Peace Ship. But the true test of a man is in the way he conducts his private affairs; and nothing in Ford's business career is incompatible with his support of the most conservative Republican candidate. To suppose that he is the sort of individual who could be bribed with an offer of personal advantage, is to make the most stupid blunder possible in the reading of his character.

IF Mr. Ford "stays put" (and there is of course nothing to prevent his suddenly changing his mind again at any moment from now until the election on the ground that the President is not the man he thought him) he aids Coolidge only by removing the possible menace of a third party, and not by bringing voters to his aid. Probably not one percent of the people who wanted Ford for President would take his advice as to voting for some one else. They followed Ford, not as an ordinary political leader, but as mystical, half-magical superman. They are willing to believe that he could have accomplished miracles in the White House; but not even he can make the figure of the President appear other than what it is, to them. As matters now stand, the Ford sentiment will have no effect on the politicians who will control the two conventions. If the Democrats select a liberal, such as McAdoo, to make the race against Coolidge, undoubtedly a majority of the former followers of the automobile man will be found in the Democratic camp.

ON principle we are opposed to the bonus. Granting that most of the soldiers were set back financially by their terms of service, we can yet see no reasonable ground for adjusted compensation. When the nation is at war good citizens must expect to take risks and losses. It may be argued that the government pays the full price for the money and material taken for war purposes and should therefore pay the full price for man power, that is, the equivalent of what the men would have earned if they had stayed at home. This reduction of men and materials to a common basis has something abhorrent about it. If it were made, however, we should not arrive at a flat rate bonus. The farm hand returned from the war lost little in comparison with the small dealer who found his business divided up among his competitors. If the bonus bill passes, there will still remain a large class inadequately compensated for their losses. We see no reason why they should not appear later with additional demands. Nor do we feel any assurance that the mass of ex-service men, after

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spending what they receive under the present bill, will not press for more on the ground that the adjusted compensation needs further adjustment.

YET we are not warranted in exaggerating the financial consequence of the bonus, as Secretary Mellon seems to do. An annual charge of $225,000,000, or even of $250,000,000, will not ruin a nation which in a year of modest prosperity has a surplus revenue of $300,000,000 at the very least, after deduction of an ample sinking fund on the public debt. We can pay the bonus and remain perfectly sound, financially. What we lose is the chance to cut the income tax. We have in effect a struggle between the income tax payer and the ex-service men for the millions that the Treasury does not need. The income tax payer is backed by most of the press of the country, but the ex-service men control directly and indirectly a colossal vote. Each side professes the purest public spirit, and each side is perfectly aware where its self-interest lies. When one looks at the matter in this light, neutrality appears to be the proper attitude. Who shall say that the income tax payers, mostly in comfortable circumstances, have a better right to the Treasury surplus than the ex-service men, a majority of whom are poor?

THE contest would not have been so evenly balanced if the alternative to the bonus had been, not reduced income taxes, but the more rapid payment of the public debt. We have eight billions coming due within five years. If we have to refund most of this debt, it will be done at a relatively high interest rate. Leaving taxes where they are and rejecting the bonus would enable us to pay off at least half of the eight billions, and give us correspondingly better terms on the rest. Nor would the case for the bonus be strong if the alternative were a reduction in the customs duties which enable the manufacturers of the Eastern states to make large profits at the expense of the farmers and laborers. As we showed in our last issue, prosperity is most unevenly distributed, at present. The purely agricultural sections are suffering severely from the tariff, not only because it raises the price of everything the farmer has to buy, but because it keeps out foreign goods that would be sent here to pay for our surplus agricultural produce. But Secretary Mellon advances no such salutary program of tariff reduction. He is squarely backing the income tax payer against the ex-service man. If he gets beaten, there will be small reason why the average citizen should be deeply concerned.

WHAT France intends to do about the approaching famine in Germany is now fairly clear. The German request that a $70,000,000 loan for foreign foodstuffs be given priority over reparations has been officially referred to the Allied governments, which will defer action temporarily pending an investigation by Reparations Commission experts into the present situation in Germany as to cereals and fats. There is every reason to believe that when the question of the loan comes up to a vote, France will interpose the one negative ballot necessary to prevent action. Her official propaganda about "large sums of German money abroad" which could be used to rescue the starving millions is, of course, nonsense. M. Poincaré knows perfectly well that such sums as do exist are private, not public funds; and that the government has neither the legal right nor the extra-legal power to seize them. The suggestion is as fantastic as it would be to propose that the United States should seize the New York bank balances of French business houses to apply on the debt France owes us. No; the French attitude has a specific purpose. When the necessary priority has been refused and Germany is desperate, France will offer to relent in exchange for additional concessions as to the Ruhr. M. Poincaré, in other words, will gamble with the lives of millions of innocent men, women and children to gain for his government further temporary advantage in the course upon which it is embarked.

THE coming Labor government in Great Britain is casting its shadow before. It has already caused the abandonment of the huge, costly and needless naval base at Singapore which would have undone much of the work of the Washington Conference and would certainly have provoked retaliatory enterprise on the part of Japan, against whom it was aimed. The present lull in continental affairs must be attributed to the necessity for marking time until Mr. Macdonald and his associates have taken control. Probably the present demand that France come to terms with the Russian government is due to the realization that an agreement with Moscow will be one of the corner-stones of the new British policy. The Nationalist bloc in Paris has every reason to be apprehensive also over the prospect that the Labor government will carry out its indicated intention of calling a general conference of the nations to consider the European muddle. Such measures as this probably indicate the scope of the important activities of the laborites in the near future. Asquith, putting Lloyd George firmly in his place, announces that the Liberals will form a coalition neither with the Conservatives nor the Labor party. The latter, therefore, cannot hope to do much during its first tenure in office. Before the capital levy or the nationalization of public utilities can be considered seriously, the party must secure from the country a far clearer mandate than it now possesses.

WHETHER or not the Greeks really want a republic should be evident very soon after the new National Assembly meets on Wednesday. King

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George is visiting his royal mother-in-law in Rumania on an enforced "vacation" from which it is likely he will never return; Venizelos in Paris continues enigmatically silent as to whether he will come back, and if so, on what terms; while the revolutionary Gonatas-Plastiras government still insists that the election results do not justify it in resigning at once and giving the Republicans control. If the Glücksburg dynasty is actually abolished, it will be a serious blow to the ambitions of Marie of Rumania, who, counting on her ample supply of children, dreamed of a Pan-Balkan entente to be directed exclusively by members of her own family. That Rumania and Jugoslavia would oblige her by fighting to prevent Greece from becoming a republic seems improbable, even if pressure were not exerted upon them from western Europe to remain peaceful as would certainly be the case. Whether Greece has bettered herself by the change will depend wholly on the wisdom with which her affairs are administered by the new group which takes control. They have the initial advantage that almost any alteration of the present unhappy situation would be an improvement.

IN addition to the quarrel between Moscow and Secretary Hughes, discussed elsewhere in this issue, the week's budget of Russian news contains some interesting items. The Moscow government has been recognized de jure by Poland; and negotiations are proceeding rapidly with Jugoslavia and Italy. In the latter country Mussolini for all his fascism is willing to strike hands with the communists at Moscow, excusing himself with the delightful argument that he prefers to do business with an ambassador whose status is exactly defined, rather than with a trade representative. Both London and Paris are negotiating with the Soviet authorities, in both cases it is reported on a basis of recognition of old debts with some set-off on account of damage incurred to Russians during the counter-revolutionary invasions. In the Far East, serious difficulties have arisen because of the disaffection of the local population with the rule of Moscow. Part of the Red Army in Siberia is said to be in open revolt—which throws an interesting light on the recent decision to encourage a greater degree of local autonomy in the federated republics. Finally, Russia and Great Britain are moving toward a delicate situation over Afghanistan, a situation which reminds one of the old Imperial days when Kipling used to warn his countrymen against "the bear that walks like a man." England insists that the Red Army in Turkestan is a menace to the Afghans; while Tchitcherin declares that the British have sent an ultimatum to the Amir threatening war. This, it appears, is an overstatement; though Great Britain has undoubtedly demanded in vigorous terms that the Amir put an end to the depredations of bandits who have been killing Englishmen and women.

DR. SUN YET SEN'S thorough acquaintance with western civilization has taught him the value of an appeal to public opinion. He has just issued to the American people and to the members of the British Labor party fervent protests against the presence at Canton of six American, five British, two Japanese, two French and one Portuguese warship. These vessels were ordered there because of Dr. Sun's announcement that surplus customs revenues would no longer be sent to Peking, there to buy arms and munitions to be used in the warfare between the northern and southern governments. To this proposal the great powers have interposed emphatic protest. The customs revenues are a guarantee of the foreign debts of the Peking government; and it is no concern of theirs that the excess over the amount needed for this purpose is used to buy bullets to shoot Cantonese soldiers. If Sun Yat Sen declines to hand over the money, the powers will see to it that he is forced to. While this seems a rather sordidly mercenary point of view, it is the regular, orthodox attitude of international diplomacy. If Dr. Sun is really surprised that the warships are employed as a collection agent, then he is much more naïve than a Chinese president has any business to be.

AMERICANS in Manila are greatly incensed because of the policy of the Independence party among the Filipinos. These latter are so rude as to say that they don't want any more American capital invested in island enterprises. The more money we send them, they argue, the less likely we are ever to relax our grip. The alternative they propose is that the local government shall itself provide the necessary funds for industrial development. This may sound all wrong to the Americans in Manila; but from the distance at which we write, it seems the best of excellent sound sense. Any one who looks at what has happened in the Caribbean must feel that the apprehension of the Filipino leaders is well justified. If the islands are ever to receive their independence at all—that independence to which the good faith of America is solemnly pledged—the less of our capital we invest there, the better for all concerned.

NEW YORK CITY last week witnessed another illustration of the growing tendency, frequently referred to in these columns, toward common ownership of "chain" newspapers. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, owner of the Philadelphia Public Ledger and Evening Ledger, the Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal and Country Gentleman, has purchased the New York Evening Post from a group of proprietors who were headed by Edwin F. Gay. This is the third change in ownership of this paper in a few years, Mr. Gay and his associates having acquired the property from Thomas W. Lamont, a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company, who had bought it in turn from Oswald

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Garrison Villard, now editor of the Nation. While no definite announcement of Mr. Curtis's editorial policies has yet been made, it is safe to assume that in his hands the Evening Post will become not greatly unlike the Philadelphia Evening Ledger, which is an eminently respectable family paper with a conservative editorial policy. The Evening Post in recent years, under the general direction of men without journalistic tradition behind them, has been far less than the great institution it was for three generations when such men as Bryant and Godkin made it a vital force in American affairs. Mr. Curtis is without personal political ambitions and has few views on public questions which he seeks to advance. He is therefore far less dangerous as an owner of a newspaper chain than is, for example, Mr. Hearst. His purchase of the Evening Post, however, is another reminder of the steady development of newspaper properties into the pawns of high finance—a development the social importance of which we are only beginning to recognize.

THE Public Ownership League of America has called a conference on the question of superpower, to meet in Washington, D. C., on January 16. The program of the League, to be discussed at this conference, calls for nation-wide development of electric power, publicly owned and furnished to users at cost. Conservation and utilization of water power are also important aspects of the policy. The Public Ownership League reports that the A. F. of L., the National Grange, the Electrical Workers, the Illinois League of Municipalities and many other organizations have adopted resolutions in favor of publicly-owned superpower projects. Referenda on the question will be held in California, Oregon and Washington during the coming year, and it will be an important issue in state politics in Minnesota, Michigan, New York, Georgia, Wisconsin, Arizona and Illinois. Senator Norris of Nebraska is drafting a bill to create a publicly-owned superpower system, and Senators Howell, Magnus Johnson, Shipstead, and Frazier are among those who have already indicated their intention to support it. Sooner or later, the development of power by scattered localities individually for local use will come to seem as archaic as the spinning wheel of our great grandmothers. The forthcoming conference will justify itself if it does no more than give an indication as to how far away that time is.

AS a result of the decision of the Supreme Court upholding the anti-alien land laws of California, the greater part of the Japanese croppers in the state will have to abandon their lands. This involves severe hardship to them, and will handicap the California fruit industry, for a time. Much as we may regret these incidental effects of the anti-alien laws, we must nevertheless bear in mind that those laws are not merely the creation of racial intolerance, but are intended to check a real evil. In the long run the racial character and the social system of the open country must dominate, since the open country is the chief source of population increase. The weakest point in the California economic system is the concentration of land in large holdings, farmed by tenants. The best type of American farmer does not take kindly to this system. Under it the agricultural population, and eventually the general population is likely to deteriorate. The Japanese tenant farmer worked only a small proportion of the land of the state, but he represents the system at its worst. His elimination will make for a healthier system.

THE same day that the California case was decided, the Supreme Court disposed of a litigation between a Cherokee Indian and two Anglo-Saxons. The Cherokee was induced to lease his land including his homestead, for a yearly rental of $75. The Anglo-Saxons sublet the same land for $890.40 in 1917, and $384.35 in 1918, "the latter year being one of pronounced drought." No wonder that the Supreme Court found the case one that furnished "strong illustration" as to the need for protection in favor of the Indian. These cases lead one to infer that a "superior" race, at least as a matter of money, if not of civilization, is one strong enough to exploit what thereby becomes the "inferior" race. Or, perchance, do these cases illustrate a more far-reaching phenomenon? Do they illustrate, not the interaction of different races (for cropper contracts yielding one-half to the landlord are not restricted to Japanese), but the devastating consequences of capitalism as a way of life—capitalism, we mean, as the philosophy of material individualism as opposed to coöperation?

Mr. Hughes and Russian Realities

NEVER was investigation more needed than the one the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee is about to make into Russian conditions, and the extent and character of Moscow-inspired communist propaganda in the United States. The incident last week in which Secretary Hughes was a leading figure illustrates again the unhappy spell which seems to hang over Russia making it impossible for any one, friend or foe, to discuss her affairs in the light of a commonsense acceptance of realities.

The two actions of the Secretary of State seem both equally unjustified and unfortunate. His own document was needlessly discourteous in tone; and the alleged quotation from Zinovieff which he made public next day apparently as justification of his attitude, is of doubtful authenticity, to say the least.

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Even if it were genuine, however, it would still be far from an adequate reason for the stand taken by Mr. Hughes.

It is only necessary to contrast the words used by President Coolidge with those of the Secretary of State to realize the character of the gratuitous rebuff given by the latter to the Russian government. Tchitcherin's approach was made in response to what the Russians regarded as the plain invitation of the President's message, which said:

> We have every desire to see that great people who are our traditional friends, restored to their position among the nations of the earth. . . . I am willing to make very large concessions for the purpose of rescuing the people of Russia. Already, encouraging evidences of returning to the ancient ways of society can be detected. . . . Whenever there appears any disposition to compensate our citizens who were despoiled and to recognize that debt contracted with our government, not by the Czar, but by the newly formed republic of Russia; whenever there appear works mete for repentance, our country ought to be the first to go to the economic and moral rescue of Russia. We have every desire to help and no desire to injure. We hope the time is near when we can act.

There is some reason to believe that the Russian government is now willing to meet these terms, which are not out of line with the conditions under discussion with both the British and French governments. But when Tchitcherin sought to open such negotiations as must certainly precede the conclusion of a far-reaching financial and political agreement, Mr. Hughes slammed in his face the door which President Coolidge had opened:

> There would seem to be at this time no reason for negotiations. . . . If the Soviet authorities are ready to restore the confiscated property of American citizens or make effective compensation they can do so.
>
> If the Soviet authorities are ready to repeal their decree repudiating Russian obligations to this country and appropriately recognize them, they can do so. . . . Most serious is the continued propaganda to overthrow the institutions of this country. This government can enter into no negotiations until these efforts directed from Moscow are abandoned.

Both the tone and the content of this document are unworthy of the Secretary of State, either in his official capacity or in his private person as jurist and public officer with a lifelong experience of international affairs behind him. Even less worthy was his action immediately thereafter in publishing the text of an alleged letter from Gregory Zinovieff to American communists ordering that they should be organized in "groups of ten," and should practise "shooting and sapping" in expectation of the time when the red flag "shall be raised over the White House."

There is grave reason to doubt the authenticity of this letter, which was "guaranteed" to Mr. Hughes by the Department of Justice. Zinovieff denies writing it. Tchitcherin denounces it as "an unmitigated forgery." The State Department declares the letter was written in August, 1923; whereas R. J. Branegan, the Department of Justice Secret Service agent who claims credit for obtaining it says, in a statement in the New York Times, that it was brought to this country by Robert Minor "early last year" (1922). Finally the document is so fantastically naïve and silly that it is hard to believe that even such a fanatical communist as Zinovieff could be guilty of it.

But even if it be accepted as authentic, Mr. Hughes's case is far from strong. The New Republic, to be sure, does not accept the absurd theory that the Third International and the Moscow government have nothing to do with each other. Despite the fifty-six nations represented in it, unquestionably the Third International is predominantly Russian; and is the militant organization of the political group which rules that country today. It has at least as much to do with government affairs as the Republican National Committee has with the present government in America. It is ridiculous, moreover, to say that the communists of Russia do not hope for a revolution in America, and in every other "capitalistic" country. They could not possibly hope for anything else and remain good communists. If the Moscow government should consent to halt the propaganda by the Third International in America or any other country it would do so only under the pressure of some sort of special necessity.

But what are the facts today? The truth is that that special necessity now exists. The particular group of communists now charged with responsibility for the Russian government has decided that its first task is to restore Russia. The policy it is pursuing to that end involves the abolition of a substantial part of its socialist practice and the restoration of a considerable degree of capitalism. In foreign affairs, the things desired are the restoration of Russia as a major power, officially recognized as such, and the largest possible resumption of international trade. This is the policy which has led to the recognition of Russia by Poland, and to the negotiations with Jugoslavia, Italy, France and Great Britain.

If Mr. Hughes knows anything at all, he knows that the surest way to put an end to communism in Russia is to encourage the present process of capitalistic development there, and to assist the Soviet government in its effort to take on the coloration of a western power. The Secretary of State is well aware that there is not the slightest conceivable chance of a communist revolution in the United States. He knows that Mr. Zinovieff's desire to convert America to communism will have no more practical effect than Mr. Hughes's desire to convert the Russians to a belief in the sanctity of private property. He knows that such an attitude as he has lately exhibited is the one surest way to justify the extremist Zinovieffs in their struggle against the moderate and conciliatory Tchi-

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tcherins. He knows, too, that Russia (lumping together for the moment the communists of the Moscow government and the communists of the Third International) can carry on propaganda in the United States as well or better without recognition than with it. If he is not aware of this, then he might well take a leaf from the book of British experience. Mr. Lloyd George, speaking in the House of Commons on May 15 last, told what his country learned from contact with Russian propaganda in the days of the Tsar:

> This propaganda in the East is not altogether Bolshevist. Any one who has followed the history of the matter knows that up to 1904 Russia was sending large sums out of her Secret Service in order to propagandize the East against British interests. It was thoroughly well known. It was done in Persia, Afghanistan, Baluchistan, Waziristan, and in India. It was well known that there were large sums of money being spent by the old Russian régime in order to create anti-British sentiment in all these countries. What happened? In 1904 you had the Reval meeting. A new understanding was established with Russia. From that moment the propaganda ceased. Is there not a lesson in that, that the essential preliminary to the cessation of propaganda in the East against British interests is to re-establish some sort of understanding? We talk about revolutionist and Tsarist government. The Russian is the thing that matters and there are really no fundamental differences. When you come to meet these people, the differences are not fundamental between your Tsarist and your Bolshevist—I am not talking now about doctrines—the moment they get on to foreign policy.

Mr. Asquith on the same occasion recalled another historical episode which is equally pertinent:

> It is no good saying that we must not deal with these people because they are redhanded and that sort of thing. As my right hon. Friend the Member for Carnarvon Boroughs has said, we made exactly the same mistake in connection with the French Revolution. They were regicides, they were atheists, they shut up the churches, they disestablished and disendowed the clergy, which in those days was almost regarded as a capital crime, and we were foolish enough, our government was foolish enough, to suspend relations with them for years, with the result that misunderstandings multiplied, the gulf that separated us widened, and Europe was plunged into what was up to that date the most desolating war in history. Do not let us make the same mistake again.

Mr. Hughes, as a practical man of affairs, must certainly be aware of the truth of the contention which Messrs. Lloyd George and Asquith maintain. It is doubly hard, therefore, to understand why he refuses to look at the facts in the light of common sense, and clings instead to the legalistic formula invented in the days immediately after the war, when the Red hysteria was at its height.

To be sure, there is no need of holding up vain hopes in the matter of Russian-American relations. America cannot for a long time to come have any great economic interest in Russia's foreign trade; and even if she had, it would not be much enhanced by de jure recognition. Neither does the diplomatic system of alliances of the continental powers, which at the present moment is forcing a race between London and Paris to see which nation can first come to an agreement with Moscow, operate for the United States. We have, however, a very serious stake in the development of peace and good will throughout the earth. Secretary Hughes has gravely harmed that cause, as between the Russian and American people, by his attitude. Fair-minded Americans, even though they dislike communists and communism quite as much as does the Secretary of State, can only deplore an action which postpones, and needlessly, the reconciliation of peoples which must ultimately take place.

Germany's "Capacity to Pay"

ON January 8 there will assemble in Paris an international commission of financial experts which will investigate Germany's financial condition, the problem of balancing her budget and reforming her currency, and inferentially the relation thereto of reparation payments. M. Poincaré has adopted many elaborate precautions to keep this commission the creature of the French reparations policy. But the reparations payments are so all-important in any honest consideration of Germany's financial condition that the commission is bound to pass an opinion on "Germany's capacity to pay," as the British government originally proposed. It is consequently worth while to cross-examine the phrase in the hope of throwing some additional light on its different meanings.

The phrase undeniably has its ambiguous and questionable aspects. To speak of a man's or a nation's "capacity" to do something is scarcely correct. Capacity is a passive quality. A receptacle possesses a certain capacity to contain a liquid or a ship a certain capacity to carry cargo. But when we refer to human agents we speak of their ability to walk a certain number of miles or to pay their debts. Germany's "ability to pay" is the phrase which would express more accurately what should be the subject matter of the coming investigation.

There is, however, a reason why it has become customary to prefer the word "capacity" to the word "ability" in writing about what it is that enables the Germans to pay. Most of the people who are interested in the subject conceive Germany as a reservoir of reparations which is capable of precise measurement and which her conquerors can drain off irrespective of any willing participation by the German people in providing the reservoir with contents. The word capacity, implying as it does both passivity and measurability, serves their purpose better than the word ability. They have not thought of Germany as an agent which like other agents required an inner impulse and a future expectation as well as a kick from her

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creditors to persuade her to undertake costly exertions and sacrifices. They have thought of her as a passive machine which could conceivably produce a certain definite volume of economic goods every year, and which did not need any stimulus to produce them except a sufficient fear of the awful consequences of refusal.

It is because the victors in the war have misconceived Germany as a mere reservoir of accessible goods which they could immediately appropriate that her payments have come to an end. They have already drained the reservoir dry; and it will never be refilled without the willing aid of the Geman people. Messrs. Moulton and Keynes agree that the Allies have by these means worried out of Germany an amount of money which from the German point of view is somewhere between $5,000,000,000 and $6,000,000,000; but this ruthless exploitation of her "capacity to pay" has had a disastrous effect on her "ability to pay." She is not able to pay one hundred gold dollars to the Allies which does not come out of current production and which does not represent an excess of exports over imports. She has no measurable capacity to pay left. She only has an ability to pay which cannot be made actual unless the German people are treated in the future as willing agents of a productive German national economy.

The committee which passes upon Germany's ability to pay will be composed of economic experts. No doubt they are highly competent and worthy men, but their governments are imposing upon them a task which as economic experts they are incompetent to perform. Germany's ability to pay is no longer chiefly an economic problem. It depends partly upon the amount of political and economic organization which the word Germany implies and partly on the physical and moral condition of the mass of the German people. At present it is profoundly questionable how far Germany includes some seven or eight million Bavarians and some ten or twelve million Rhinelanders. If it does not include them, Germany has less than no ability to pay. But even though Germany remains intact, she still has no ability to pay unless her conquerors treat the sixty-five million Germans with at least the same consideration that a selfish owner treats a work-horse. They must be nourished and provided with sufficient shelter and warmth. They must be given a chance to buy the raw materials which they themselves do not produce and to keep their tools and machinery under repair. But above all they must be provided with some sense of security and some reasonable expectation of future deliverance. No people will contrive and labor, as the Germans will have to contrive and labor in order to pay even a small part of what their conquerors demand, unless as the result of their labor they can cherish some expectation of future benefit.

The commission to investigate Germany's ability to pay should be composed of psychologists rather than economists. The immediately important question is not: How much is Germany able to pay? She has paid all she can pay for the present. The pertinent question now is: what conditions have to be satisfied before she can pay anything more? The most conspicuous of these conditions is surely psychological. She must be supplied with a sufficient inducement to perform the work. It is astonishing how generally economists and publicists in discussing the reparations question have overlooked this consideration. Different economists have reckoned Germany's "capacity to pay" at anywhere from $500,000,000 to $1,000,000,000 a year, but with one or two exceptions they have ignored the question of incentive. They have assumed the efficacy of the usual economic incentive of self-interest, but they have failed to perceive that, as Germany was being treated, this incentive would soon cease to work. For the primary motive of Germany in paying has been the desire to avoid the suffering which the victors would impose upon her if she refused or failed. Yet the destructive inroads which these victors inflicted on her future ability to pay in order to exploit her immediate capacity to pay made it impossible for her in any event to avoid the suffering. The time was bound to come when she would, willy-nilly, cease to pay and would incure the penalties. The time could never come when the present generation would by any conceivable sacrifice earn its deliverance from these penalties. The harder they worked and the more costly their sacrifices, the greater would the future demands upon them be. They had no conceivable chance under the Treaty of enjoying life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Germany's future ability to pay depends upon the recognition by her conquerors that she is composed of human beings who can function only in response to sufficient motives and impulses. The Allies must assign to her a definite and a possible task. They must guarantee to her security while she is preparing for that task and accomplishing it. They must guarantee her deliverance after the task is accomplished. To suppose that she will pay anything more unless these conditions are granted is to suppose a psychological absurdity. To punish her because she will not commit a psychological impossibility is a moral crime. That is why the French policy is destroying the moral cohesion and meaning of German national life. So long as France occupies the Ruhr as a penalty for the refusal of the Germans to bleed themselves to death under French instruction, it is a waste of time to investigate Germany's ability to pay in economic goods. By demanding the performance of a psychological impossibility, France is in effect ceasing to insist on payments in money and is demanding payment in imponderable goods, of which the Germans, inasmuch as they are human beings, are endowed with an exhaustible supply. They are

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forced to pay and are paying in humiliation, in despair, in the privations of their weak and helpless brothers and sisters, in blood and tears, in impotent rage and in moral and social disintegration.

Frank Cobb

LIBERAL journalism in America has suffered a loss it could ill afford in the untimely death at the age of fifty-four of Francis Irving Cobb, known to a whole generation of public men as Frank Cobb, editor of the New York World. He had held that post for twelve years, including the most important decade in American life since the Civil War; and for a total of twenty years his pen had been devoted to the editorial service of his paper. It was no accident that during his tenure in office the World became the most powerful single journal in the United States, and the one whose editorial utterances were most eagerly followed, not only by the public, but in other newspaper offices from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

A writer of great vigor, clarity and ease, Cobb unquestionably stood at the head of his profession. Colonel Henry Watterson's judgment that he was the ablest editor developed in New York journalism since Horace Greeley, was one in which a majority of his professional contemporaries would concur. No one could hit harder than he, when occasion deserved it. No one was more fearless, more unrelenting in pursuit of the truth as he saw it. Yet for all the vigor of his blows, he could write with a light touch when he wished to; while his personal charm and sweetness endeared him to a wide circle of friends in public and in private life.

The greatest testimonial to his ability lies in the fact that he achieved his success at a time when the editorial influence of newspapers, speaking generally, was at its lowest ebb. When he came into the field, the great editor-owners of the Civil War period were passing or gone. The popular magazine had usurped a large measure of the editorial leadership which had hitherto been possessed by the daily press; and the era of big circulations, corporate ownership and anonymous editorship was just beginning. In the face of these obstacles, Cobb moved steadily and rapidly forward to a commanding position where his editorial utterances were the first news of the day to thousands of persons. Not only did he bring his own paper to preëminent importance, but he had more to do than any other individual with the renaissance of the editorial page in general which is now evident. He demonstrated that the strong man can make himself the exception to any rule. It must remain a matter for the keenest regret that such a man should have been cut off in the prime of life, with much that he wished to do perforce left undone.

Exit Frontier Morality

NOT long ago, an obscure newspaper item announced that within the next ten years the last of the public land in the United States would probably be taken up. Technically, we suppose, this statement is correct; but spiritually it is misleading. The last of that great domain of readily arable land which lay waiting for the plow of the pioneer has already been occupied more than a decade. Since then, settlers have taken up only the acreage which has been made available by elaborate reclamation projects. They have, that is, been settled by the government, instead of having turned their faces freely and of their own accord toward a wilderness which should test every particle of hardihood and resourcefulness which they possessed.

The frontier is gone forever; and with its passing, we close the first great chapter in American life. It is one which most of us have not recognized as a chapter at all, but have regarded as the permanent and unique expression of the genius of the nation. The set of conditions to which we must now say farewell has been, and is still, taken for granted by the average man as having the permanence of the hills.

Only the barest beginning has yet been made in the study of a fascinating and important matter: the influence of the frontier on the American character. Much more work will, of course, be done in the future, but it must necessarily be retrospective. The typical American temperament, and the ideals and institutions in which it made itself effective, are already disappearing with the departure of the conditions which brought them forth. At the moment we are still in an era of transition; it seems unlikely that the portrait of the future America can be sketched from data which already exist; but we are far enough from the past to identify with reasonable accuracy those especial traits which were the product of the frontier, and are vanishing or have already disappeared.

Life on the actual frontier had an obvious effect upon the character of those who experienced it, and who were in any case a selected group, consisting partially of persons with the requisite hardihood to survive the conditions of pioneer life and partly of misfits and failures who sought refuge in the wilderness. But a fact not often recognized or given its true weight is that the existence of the frontier had an effect upon the whole country all the way back to the Atlantic seaboard, and was responsible for the creation of ideals and institutions apparently remote from it.

A striking example of this is the spirit of independence in the individual. A young man in Europe looks forward as a rule to spending his

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life in the city of his birth, and very likely, in the profession or business pursued by his father. But in the United States, for two hundred years, a large part of each generation has moved west and created new homes for itself. Nothing could more effectively foster individualism of the type advocated (and typified) by Herbert Hoover. This migratory habit persists to the present day even when it has lost much of its economic justification. Americans are forever on the move; the man who lives in the house where he was born is almost a curiosity. The sense of transience thus created leads also to a certain looseness of community organization, and specifically to a toleration of corrupt practice in business and politics. The mayor of your town may be a boodler; but after all, since you are thinking seriously of moving to Austin, Texas, next spring, what does it matter?

At the same time, frontier conditions require of the individual member of the community that he conform rigidly to a general social standard. Carving an empire out of the wilderness requires herculean effort. There is plenty of work for every man, and the efforts of each, to some degree at least, enrich all. Under these circumstances, failure to "carry your end of the load" becomes the greatest of crimes. The man in the Middle West two generations ago, or the Far West even today, who deliberately turns his back on the career which is to be found in "helping develop the country" and who chooses instead the occupation, for instance, of a creative artist, as writer or painter or, most terrible of all, musician, is looked upon as a weakling.

This trait survives, even when it has outlived its usefulness, as an intolerance for the ideas of others. The Iowa farmer who has been accidentally enriched by the march of population past his acres, naturally develops a fanaticism in favor of the economic system under which he has done so well. Overlooking the fortuitous character of his success, he attributes it in part to his own extraordinary qualities of character and in part to the fact that his country has hit upon the most marvelously correct economic and political scheme in all history. If you should tell him that conditions of life during the three hundred year process of looting America's natural resources have been too easy to be a fair test of anybody's character (except his ability to live a lonely life and fight Indians), or of any government (except its power to prevent social conflict as long as there is more than enough of everything to go 'round among the existing population)—if you should seek to suggest this to him, he would look on you as crazy, or a fool, or both.

The departure from the old Americanism which was created so largely by the existence of the frontier, has naturally gone further in the Eastern states than in the West which is, even today, much closer to pioneer conditions. As regards the career of the young man, for example, New England today resembles France more nearly than the Far West. Beyond the Mississippi, eyebrows are still raised when young George elects to settle down in old George's business instead of striking out for himself. In most western communities, any healthy man who elects to live on his income without working at something will find himself most unhappily isolated—so much so indeed that almost invariably he is forced to flee to New York or Paris. When he does this he finds himself for the first time placed in a society which demands from him a definite degree of sophistication.

The passing of frontier morality is illustrated, if our thesis is correct, in the recent change of attitude as to immigration. As long as there existed a huge margin of vacant land, immigrants were welcome. If they didn't go west themselves (and many of them did so) they at least displaced others who joined the human tide moving toward the sunset. Today the land is all gone; and immediately we begin to raise the question whether a policy of encouraging immigration is not a mistake? Just as our government was markedly friendly to revolutions in other lands prior to 1860, when we had one of our own, and has been markedly hostile to them ever since, so we seem quick to drop the notion of "America, the land of refuge for the oppressed," as soon as the oppressed come in sufficient numbers to make it uncomfortable for those already here.

It would be absurd, of course, to trace all the changes in the national character to this one fact of the disappearance of the frontier. Another actuating cause of first importance is the change from an agricultural to an industrial type of civilization, which is still far from being complete. We believe, however, that no one can understand the extraordinary changes in American ideals of recent years except in the light of the development we have discussed; and that those who have thought about it will not be surprised to see the future produce alterations even more profound.

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Coolidge or McAdoo?

AS the political cards are falling at the turn of the year, the chances are that the presidential fight will be old-fashioned in that it will be a two-party affair, but new-fashioned in that it will be a clear-cut test between a conservative backed by the East and a progressive backed by the West: respectively, Mr. Coolidge and Mr. McAdoo.

Henry Ford probably has cut the heart out of any real third-party effort. He and Senator La Follette are the only men in sight who could lift a third party above the accustomed level. Ford has declared for Mr. Coolidge; and intuition says that Mr. La Follette will not make the effort. He has shunned it in the past; and his health is not robust. Talk of Hiram Johnson in this connection is thin. In the past three years he has shown no appetite for independent movements, and his appeal would be feeble did he change.

The regular two-party contest that looms, in consequence of the subsidence of the third party idea, is directed toward a clear-cut struggle between Eastern conservatives and Western progressives. This is largely because President Coolidge in his first message to Congress identified himself with the conservative thought of the East more completely than has any President since McKinley. At the same time, by reason of the applause won by his message in the East, he absolutely clinched his hold on the nomination to the extent that it can be clinched six months ahead of the convention. When Mr. Coolidge read his message to Congress, he said precisely the things that the dominant thought of the East, certainly the vocally dominant thought, holds to be good and true. And he said nothing else.

The East therefore responded wholeheartedly. It had been jarred in not the slightest respect. There was not a new and disturbing idea in the message. There was not an old idea stated in new and disturbing terms. The message was the easiest thing to read the East had found in its hands in a generation—easier even than the Taft and Harding pronouncements.

Features in the message that once might have scared the conservative East are now orthodox. Consolidation of the railroads, stimulated by the government, has been blessed by the United States Chamber of Commerce. The regulation of the coal industry proposed is only of that feeble variety conceded as necessary by even the ultra-conservative. Reduction of freight rates on the farmers' products was put inside a proposal for revision of the whole rate structure, which has the approval of the elect of commerce. Direct government aid to the farmers was admitted only in the garb of assistance by the War Finance Corporation in the export of wheat—and the War Finance Corporation no longer has horns. The President's reference to that bugaboo of his party, the World Court, was merely an unpoetical rendering of Tiny Tim's "God bless us, everyone!" At every point he was the conformist beyond compare.

There is no intention in saying this, to belittle the message. Many of the convictions of the East are sound and intelligent. And the President revealed an astuteness rare in politicians in his approach to some of those convictions, notably in recognizing the baldly obvious fact that more courage was needed to declare in favor of the bonus than against it. But I would point out that this message, essentially a summary of the views of a class and a section, absolutely devoid of fresh and original thought, was to the conservative East "music that gentler upon the soul doth rest than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

So the Old Guard, hot all the time to nominate him and prepared to do so unless the danger were overwhelming, soon was called upon to bow grateful shoulders to an avalanche of enthusiastic urgings to go ahead full speed with the grand project. I happen to know that in my home state, Maryland, eminent dignitaries of the Democratic party participated almost passionately in the urgings; and if reports are correct, Maryland was like the balance of the Atlantic coast country. Congress, before it finishes this session, will rub some of the sheen from Mr. Coolidge. His glow is probably brightest just now, and it is likely Henry Ford's endorsement would have been of more value next summer. For one of the unwritten laws that govern Presidents is that they must manage Congress. If they do not, the masses think they are weak. Mr. Coolidge hardly will manage this Congress, and that will do him some harm. But even so, the intention to nominate him has become so fixed in the minds of the men who will have the delegates in the Cleveland convention that only a tremendous convulsion will dislodge it.

Now, Mr. Coolidge having fitted himself into the dominant thought of the East like a hand in a glove, the prospects of men like Senator Underwood in the Democratic convention ebb heavily. What chance would Mr. Underwood have of carrying the East, with its tendency toward the Republicans in national elections, if the Republican candidate were the East's smoothly polished ideal, a man without a single rough edge? And what chance would he have in the historically Republican West, if that section were compelled to choose between two conservatives? He would be left with

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the South and a state here and there in other sections. Similar considerations operate against John W. Davis and Senator Samuel M. Ralston. They are conservatives. Either would find it difficult to make an issue against a Republican candidate who has preëmpted the conservative field so definitely and finally as Mr. Coolidge.

Clearly, political strategy calls for a near-radical progressive appealing to the West against Mr. Coolidge, unless the Democratic party elects to fight the campaign not principally on economic issues but on the prohibition issue, and of that the chances have been waning steadily as the time for the national convention has drawn nearer. It may well be that such a joining of the issue on economic questions would lead to defeat. The country is preponderantly progressive as between progressives and conservatives, but it is also preponderantly Republican as between Republicans and Democrats. Should the Democrats choose to fight in the West with a progressive candidate it would involve yielding to the enemy the country that usually determines presidential elections, and risking victory upon the likelihood that the progressivism of the territory beyond the Alleghenies will be stronger than its traditional Republicanism. But victory through that strategy is not impossible. Mr. Wilson won in 1916 by stealing the West from the Republicans, not chiefly on the progressive issue, it is true, but on an issue which divided the East and West as sharply at that time as economic questions do now.

It happens that at the very moment that Mr. Coolidge's message was making him the idol of Eastern conservatives, the ablest man to make the fight for the Democrats in the West on a progressive platform was running, on his own record and personality, far ahead of all the balance of the Democratic field. That man of course is Mr. McAdoo. He is today so far in the lead of all competitors that the latter are gravitating to a combination to block his way. Every indication now is that he will enter the Democratic convention much stronger than any other single candidate; and it is quite possible that he will enter with a clear majority—more delegates than all the others put together. But for the Democratic two-thirds rule he would have a good chance of votes enough to nominate on the first ballot.

If he wins the nomination, the new-fashioned kind of two-party fight will be on. The issue will be clear between a Republican candidate dependent upon the conservative East, and a Democratic candidate based upon the South, but dependent upon the progressive West. Only some tremendous and wellnigh unimaginable shift in sentiment could give Mr. McAdoo even the barest fighting chance in the East. He could not hope to appeal to the sentiment that has been electing Democratic governors by huge majorities in states, like New York, New Jersey and Maryland. That sentiment is anti-prohibition and Mr. McAdoo is dry enough for Mr. Bryan. And he would have arrayed against him in the East every railroad, bank, industry and major business house. I allude again to my own state, Maryland, because I know its politics at first hand and because it is measurably typical of the conservatism of the East. The men in Baltimore who dominate the Maryland Democratic party behind the scenes fairly rave at the mention of McAdoo, and I venture the guess that were he nominated two-thirds of them would cast their votes for Coolidge.

Can Mr. McAdoo be nominated, to make the fight for the progressive West against the conservative Mr. Coolidge of the East? On "form" he cannot, for, giving him a clear majority of the delegates, the opposition headed by Murphy of New York, Brennan of Illinois and Taggart of Indiana, backed by the combined power of the wets and of the Eastern business interests, will have enough to withhold the necessary two-thirds vote. But this is to be remembered: Even a bare majority if it is real and earnest is the hardest thing in the wide world to beat.

Only once has the man who won the majority in a Democratic national convention failed to sweep on to the two-thirds majority. That was in 1912. Clark, after winning a majority in that convention, fell before Wilson. But Clark's majority was a "set-up," a combination of men who were sincerely for him with machines that were using him to kill Wilson. The vitality in that convention was not in the incoherent, incongruous Clark majority, but in the compact and sincere minority that started behind Wilson.

McAdoo bids fair to go into the next convention with a body of delegates behind him, whether they constitute a near majority or a complete one, with fight in their hearts. His personality enlists fighting adherents. His views make a genuine appeal to large sections of his party. And the Democrats are a hungry party into whose ears for months past Western and Northwestern Republicans have been pouring the story that if the Republicans nominate a conservative, McAdoo can carry their country. Mr. Coolidge's long lead for the Republican nomination makes that story a vastly alluring one for many Democrats. Moreover, the bosses' combinations against McAdoo may not stick. Taggart tells the McAdoo managers he is not irreconcilable.

If McAdoo wins in the convention, and if Coolidge holds anything like his present strength, there will be next year one of the most beautiful and stirring political fights in many a day. The odds will be on Coolidge, with the favor of the big Eastern states, for he will have the easier hand to fill. But he will be facing a player speaking for the West who will bet his shirt.

JOHN W. OWENS.

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Actors as Union Labor

OF the institutions which suffer from modern conditions, none invites more persistent efforts of reform than the drama. The decline of the drama is fundamentally due to its dispossession from the functional position which it formerly sustained to the public. Like other forms of art it has become extraneous, decorative, a luxury, an appanage of leisure and of wealth; and as in the case of other arts this process, in the absence of sustaining traditions, has gone further in the new world than in the old. To bring the drama again into vital relation with the body politic, to prove its necessity to social well-being, to restore in the atrophied limb the circulation of blood, has been the effort of the various uplifting movements. Whether we speak of the renaissance of the drama, or more modestly of the improvement of the stage, the actor must necessarily share in it, both to give and to receive. The actor is an artist; he enters into the wider opportunities accorded by greater plays and a more intelligent public. He is also a human being. In the long run his product will depend upon his economic condition. It was the rectification of intolerable working conditions which led the actors of the United States some ten years ago to form the Actors' Equity Association. It was largely for strategic reasons, to secure support and insure survival in the struggle with their employers which followed, that they joined the A. F. of L. Nevertheless, it is possible to see in this action a larger significance. In making themselves a part of the organization of workers, the actors were marking the progress of the theatre as a social institution, and asserting its solidarity with the movement of society along the only lines on which we can confidently expect further advance.

The immediate justification of Equity, which no one can gainsay, is to be found in the economic situation of the actor before the days of the organization. The actor, in common with other artists, belongs to a group in which the material rewards of success for the few are almost beyond measure, and in which the economic disadvantages of the rank and file are correspondingly great. Indeed the temptation of success and the attraction of his art lay the actor peculiarly open to exploitation. The organization of Equity offered a special problem in human engineering. It had to deal with the highly developed individualism of the artist, a form of pride which affected both high and low; and as the indispensable condition of success it had to secure the coöperation of the highly placed at the expense of their own personal fortunes. In other words, Equity had to meet the human forces of pride and selfishness in the fully developed form involved in the star system. The organization was made possible in 1913 by the leadership of Francis Wilson, and his associates Frank Gillmore, Grant Stewart, Bruce McRae and Milton Sills. The present list of officers includes John Emerson, President, Ethel Barrymore and Grant Mitchell, Vice-Presidents, with George Arliss, Jane Cowl, Leo Ditrichstein, Walter Hampden, Doris Keane, Laurette Taylor and others of equal fame in the Council. Stories are told of special inducements offered to some of them to desert Equity. It is not necessary to repeat these tales to convince any one that personal sacrifice was involved in pledging themselves to an experiment for the benefit of their colleagues, and that without such sacrifice the experiment must have failed.

The economic difficulties of the actor which Equity undertook to remedy grow out of the speculative nature of theatrical production. Considering the risks which must be run by author, producer and theatre owner in any production it is not unreasonable to expect the actor to share them, but while these persons have in general protection and redress by process of law, the actor, by virtue of his nomadic way of life, in large measure lacks both. There can be no doubt that before the Equity contract came into being, he bore far too large a part of the risk. First in the successive steps in his exploitation, he was compelled to rehearse indefinitely, without pay. It was open to the producing manager to dismiss him after weeks of rehearsal, or to give up the whole venture on the eve of performance—and it is always open to the public to pronounce a play a failure on the first night. A case is on record of an actor who rehearsed for thirteen weeks, for a run of four days. The actor was subject to indefinite calls for matinée and Sunday performances without pay. Because Christmas week and Holy week had been, in some distant past, bad seasons for the theatres, the actor had his salary cut in two at such times; and the practice was extending itself to election week. Again, it was the custom of managers to extend the risk of the actor by declaring the first two weeks of a run "rehearsal weeks," for which he received half pay. In addition the actor, especially the actress, was obliged to share in the risk of production to the extent of buying costumes. Always the case is cited of the chorus girl at fifteen dollars a week, who had to draw in advance for her equipment and closed the season owing the management thirty dollars for shoes. Of course, the most spectacular among the miseries of the actor's lot is that of being stranded miles from home by the failure of the play. The traveller in established

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business or pleasure who meets a company of Thespians in the train is not aware of the black care which often rides with them. Any one-night stand may mark the final disaster which leaves them without resources and far from home.

It must not be inferred that all producing managers took advantage of all possible methods to exploit the actor, any more than that all producing managers went broke between Omaha and Ogden; but the evils were general and Equity, by its promulgation of the Equity contract, has done much to mitigate them. This contract stipulates that the actor shall not be called on to rehearse more than four weeks without salary, and that he shall be guaranteed two weeks of paying work. Within the first ten days of rehearsal he may be dismissed without penalty; after that he is entitled to two weeks' notice. The number of performances a week, on regular salary, is limited to eight. Costumes are provided by the management. As insurance against stranding, the producer is bonded to an amount sufficient to bring the company back to its starting point. Equity itself advances the money; for the fiscal year of May 1, 1921, to April 30, 1922, when productions fell in scores by the wayside, it spent $14,202.22 for stranded companies. Equity not only acts as attorney for the actor in adjusting his claims with his employers; it also undertakes to guarantee the rights of the employer. If a member breaks his contract without notice, it is responsible for his penalty of two weeks' salary. It has reduced contract jumping by two-thirds. In short, Equity is concerned not merely with the question of hours and wages —with the latter it has, in fact, nothing whatever to do—but with regulating the working conditions of its members and preserving their morale—a fundamental necessity, one would say, to artistic success.

The matter of morale is at the root of two factors in the policy of Equity which have been most subject to questions and attack. One is the Equity shop, the other, affiliation with the American Federation of Labor. Both are matters of labor policy. The Equity shop is a provision by which members of Equity will work only in an all-Equity company. This does not mean that a manager is bound to employ only Equity members. He may send out as many non-Equity companies as he likes, but within the same company he may not have both union and non-union actors. Undoubtedly this rule operates as a means of pressure to induce actors to join Equity. It is, however, far from compulsion. And it is to be noted that as all actors, whether members or not, profit by the improvement of conditions and especially by the general use of the Equity contract, it would be a real danger to the organization to have its rank and file in constant contact with fellow actors who, without payment of dues or other responsibilities, enjoy the same privileges and status. Up to the present time, however, the Equity shop has not been obligatory upon the members of the Producing Managers' Association—the strongest body of theatrical employers with which Equity has had to deal, of which more must be said later. It was this alignment of employers which forced the issue of Equity's affiliation with the Federation of Labor, and also brought organized labor to recognize the right of the actor, as a fellow worker, to its protection. By this association Equity gains support for legislation for the benefit of actors—who, few in numbers and largely disfranchised by the necessity of travel, possess little political influence. Above all it secured the intervention of a powerful ally in the critical moment of its history.

Equity did not secure its present position without a long series of negotiations and a fight. It was founded in May, 1913, at a meeting of some 300 actors. In 1914, it had 760 members; in 1915, 2,000. In 1916, application was made for membership in the A. F. of L., but was refused. In 1919 Equity was strong enough to demand not only the acceptance but the fulfillment of its contract by the leading producers. Committees were appointed, meetings were held. At one of them a leading manager was asked: "Do you consider *this contract fair?*" He answered: "Absolutely." "Will you use it?" "Yes, when you make me." In this temper negotiations were broken off. A lockout was ordered and a strike called. According to the Equity view the lockout came first. In any event when Equity offered to arbitrate, and in a commendably generous spirit submitted the names of Messrs. Taft and Hughes as arbitrators, the managers refused. Then it was that the application to the Federation of Labor was renewed and accepted, and with the generalship of trained industrial strategists the battle was won.

Equity's settlement with the Producing Managers' Association was, however, a compromise. By its terms the member firms of the Association were excepted from the operation of the Equity shop clause, and they do not have to bond their road companies, the guarantee of the Association being accepted. There is thus a certain inducement to producers to join the Producing Managers' Association, as for the actor to join Equity—a circumstance which should tend to stabilize conditions in the industry. The present agreement, however, expires in June, 1924, and already the lines of a new conflict are drawn. The chief point of opposition is in the proposal of Equity to end the exemption of the Producing Managers' Association from the Equity shop agreement. The reasons for the Equity shop have already been stated. Whatever may be said of the right of the individual to work without reference to his fellow workers, history shows clearly that industrial organization

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is incompatible with its exercise. If the organization is necessary, and no one will be bold enough to deny the necessity in this case, individual rights must be withheld. Equity offers, however, to continue the exemption to members of the Actors' Fidelity League who were in good standing September 1, 1923. In other respects the document submitted by Equity is an admirable one. It guarantees that it will not interfere in the casting of plays; or dictate to authors as to matter, plot or text; or attempt to regulate salaries. Further it agrees to remain open to all actors who desire to join, and not to raise its initiation fee. Sympathetic strikes are barred. Arbitration of differences is provided for. Certain other provisions are inserted for the benefit of the actor, which do not seem to involve hardship to the management.

These proposals formed the basis of discussion between Messrs. Emerson and Gillmore representing Equity, and Messrs. Lee Shubert, Lawrence Weber, and Winthrop Ames representing the Producing Managers' Association, in September and October. The discussions have hitherto proved fruitless. The essential point of difference remains the Equity shop, which a party in the Producing Managers' Association refuses to concede. It is this point which will cause a strike or lockout in June, 1924, unless it is settled. Public opinion will play an even more decisive part in this than in other industrial disputes, because the theatre is so directly dependent on public favor. A guide to its verdict is afforded by the decision of Judge Julian W. Mack who, as arbitrator, in 1921 passed upon the lawfulness and expediency of the application of the Equity shop to producers not formally exempted by the agreement of 1919:

> I should be setting myself against the broad current of opinion of the great majority of the Courts in this country, and the body of informed and impartial public opinion, if I held that the Union Shop or the Equity Shop is in itself unlawful or against public policy. Nor would my own study of industrial problems, and such experience as I have had in arbitrations between employers and unions in various industries, prompt me to reach any such conclusion.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Negro Takes Stock

CHIEF AMOAH III of the Gold Coast spoke at the London session of the Pan-African Congress. He is small, black and earnest, a descendant of ancient rulers of the Gold Coast, never enslaved; and now a cocoa merchant resident in London many years. He was a significant figure.

For Mr. Hutchinson, a London mulatto barrister, also from West Africa, told us one night how, a quarter of a century ago, he himself planted the first cocoa tree in that region and how today Nigeria and the British West Coast are the greatest cocoa-producing areas in the world. But singularly enough the economic development there has not been at all according to modern theory. It has not been a case of the advent of foreign-owned capital with captains of industry driving native slaves, but a development of peasant proprietorship on small plantations with black owners working in a leisurely way as they wish, being their own masters, and yet turning out this mass of products.

It was at this point that Sir Sidney Olivier, former Governor of Jamaica, impressed upon us, in his remarks, that just here Africa could teach the modern economic world. The independence of the black worker, his demand for leisure and art, the word of the newer science as to the possibilities of his normal human developments—all this emphasized the need of an international Pan-African movement to conserve African genius and power and to fight for the black man's freedom.

All is not well in West Africa, we were again and again told, because the black man there has so limited a voice in his own government. His is a crown colony of the restricted type with only figureheads and favorites appointed to the advisory council of the governors, and these councils without decisive power. In the great Imperial Conference in London there was not a single black face and perhaps the greatest fact brought before the Pan-African Congress was this disfranchisement of fifty million Negroes in the British Empire.

Yet all hope is not lost: there was no direct voice from South Africa in our counsels—to reach the natives there is not only a matter of distance but of intervening white opinion—but all over England and Europe the presence of General Smuts, Premier of the Union of South Africa, forced this problem continually to the fore; for if the black man is still confined beneath the service of imperial politics, the brown man of India has found voice and power. Again and again Smuts was compelled to interrupt his Sermon on the Mount about the naughty and stubborn French to explain that any effort in South Africa to recognize the manhood of Indian or Negro would overthrow "white civilization" at the Cape.

The sinister influence of this intransigeance of South Africa is seen in Mozambique. The new Portuguese Colonial Code is most liberal and recognizes the full Portuguese citizenship of educated natives with the right to vote. Until recently, the magistrates, tax-getters and minor officials of

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Mozambique were black or colored; and schools and missionary effort, while scarce, were unhindered. Today, the members of the Mozambique Company—an English concern—have by economic pressure of England on a weak, distracted Portugal obtained a fifty-year franchise in the colony with powers that make them absolute masters of the land; they can and do oppose and suppress schools and missions; they virtually enslave native labor and recruit it for their mines of South Africa; and they have made the colony pay dividends instead of taxing the impoverished mother country. Of such is the Kingdom of Capital!

How can the force of world public opinion be brought to bear on such outrages? Many Europeans like Harold Laski are still hoping for much from the mandates of the League of Nations. Mr. Laski addressed the Pan-African Congress on November 8 and made the striking suggestions that the League of Nations send to each of the mandated territories like Tanganyika, Southwest Africa, Cameroun and Togoland an accredited minister of the League; that this minister should be a national of some other country than the holder of the mandate; that he should be a trained anthropologist and that he should have the right to investigate conditions and report regularly to the League.

The muddle in British Kenya emphasizes the necessity of some international action. Here is a great, fertile and rich territory; our Congress was continually reminded by voices within and without that an astonishing piracy on a huge scale is there being deliberately perpetrated. England is taking the land from the natives, enslaving and confining them to native reserves and mistreating them outrageously. One speaker said, "There is ample evidence to show that flogging and shooting of natives in that region have developed into a system. For trivial, imaginary and suspected offences a varying number of lashes with the 'reim' or the 'kiboko' is inflicted on the helpless and inarticulate natives. From time to time death ensues as a result of these brutalities. The verdicts invariably returned by the jury (composed exclusively of white settlers) are a scandal and the sentences imposed by the judges are in consequence utterly inadequate."

On top of this, the East Indians, pushing in here and demanding a share of this vast theft of land and exploitation of labor, are through the influence and fears of South Africa disfranchised politically and economically and are protesting against this with the utmost vigor and indignation. How singular, this threefold battle, and how impossible is a West Coast native growth here, with its foundation in native land ownership!

From Uganda, which is officially joined to the Kenya Protectorate, a moving appeal was sent the Congress. It represented the other extreme of white oppression—either the whites seek directly to exploit and enslave or failing that power they leave the natives carefully isolated and alone and call this "ruling through the chiefs." If the native rulers were encouraged in education and inspired by outer ideals in industry and social life here would be splendid opportunity.

As to the great valley of the Congo in the red and black forests of Belgian sovereignty there was almost complete silence in our Congress. The Union Congolaise, an organization of black men in Belgium and Belgian Africa, had nothing to suggest but the erection at the mouth of the Congo of a great memorial statue to the black soldiers who died in the Great War! I fear such a stone figure would look with tears upon even the reformed régime in the Congo! The fundamental conception of the Congo as a place where capital can make huge profits by using labor of the cheapest price and driving it by physical force still seems dominant.

Our French group sent the assistant secretary of our organization, resident in Paris, and one member of the Bureau Permanent. But French Negrodom is at once the most inactive and at the same time the most inspiring part of our movement. Inspiring because France has gone further, much further, in recognizing the manhood of black folk than any other white nation. One West African girl told me at the Congress of her isolation in British Africa, as an educated woman, between the natives and the British official rulers, but of the joy and naturalness of social intercourse in French Senegal where she went to visit her uncle.

Here then is France challenging the rest of the white world by bidding for the military and industrial support of black men. England, America and white Europe are aghast at the prospect. What can they do?

They have one clear path along which France points: Make black Englishmen, black Americans and Belgian Congolese have cause to believe in the justice of their countries and the possibility of developing real black manhood under their flags. France has played this trump card.

As was natural, America dominated the Third Pan-African Congress with the attempt to spread the results of her experience in organized fighting. A black bishop of a church body which has three-fourths of a million American blacks spoke to us and told us that he was on his way to dedicate a school in Basutoland, given by the colored women of Ohio!

We were not a large group at this Third Congress—only thirteen countries and six American states as against thirty countries in 1921. But we have, I believe, weathered a natural crisis of growth in a time of universal industrial crisis and we can look forward to a Congress in the West Indies in 1925 in the midst of the growing agita-

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tion there for home rule and responsible government.

Meantime we drew up again our charter of rights and adjourned to go to Lisbon in Portugal for a second session. And this is our charter:

The Executive Committee of the Third Pan-African Congress, meeting in London and Lisbon in November, 1923, regards the following matters as those which seem to them to embody the legitimate and immediate needs of the peoples of African descent.

1. A voice in their own government. 2. The right of access to the land and its resources. 3. Trial by juries of their peers under established forms of law. 4. Free elementary education for all; broad training in modern industrial technique; and higher training of selected talent. 5. The development of Africa for the benefit of Africans, and not merely for the profit of Europeans. 6. The abolition of the slave trade and of the liquor traffic. 7. World disarmament and the abolition of war; but failing this, and as long as white folk bear arms against black folk, the right of blacks to bear arms in their own defence. 8. The organization of commerce and industry so as to make the main objects of capital and labor the welfare of the many, rather than the enriching of the few.

These seem to us the eight general and irreducible needs of our people.

Specifically and in particular we ask for the civilized British subjects in West Africa and in the West Indies the institution of home rule and responsible government, without discrimination as to race and color.

We ask for such areas as Northern Nigeria, Uganda and Basutoland, a development of native law, industry and education with the specific object of training them in home rule and economic independence and for eventual participation in the general government of the land.

We ask for French Africa the extension of the citizenship rights of voting and of representation in Parliament from Senegal and the West Indies to other parts of the colonies as rapidly as the present comprehensive plans of education can be realized.

We demand for Kenya, Rhodesia and the Union of South Africa the restoration of rights to the land to the natives, a recognition of their right to a voice in their own government and the abolition of the pretension of a white minority to dominate a black majority, and even to prevent their appeal to the civilized world.

In the Belgian Congo we fail yet to see any decisive change from a régime of profit-making and exploitation to an attempt to build modern civilization among human beings for their own good and the good of the world. We demand a system of state education, the recognition of native law, a voice in government and the curbing of commercial exploitation in that great land.

For the independent nations of Abyssinia, Haiti and Liberia we ask not merely political integrity, but their emancipation from the grip of economic monopoly and usury at the hands of the money-masters of the world.

For the Negroes of the United States of America we ask the suppression of lynching and mob-law, the end of caste and the recognition of full citizenship despite race and color.

We demand the restoration of the Egyptian Sudan to an independent Egypt.

We demand for Portuguese Africa release from the slave-trading industrial monopolies financed in England and France which today nullify the liberal Portuguese Code in Mozambique.

We urge in Brazil and Central America that peoples of African descent be no longer satisfied with a solution of the Negro problem which involves their absorption into another race, without allowing Negroes as such full recognition of their manhood and right to be.

We ask the League of Nations to appoint direct diplomatic representatives in the mandated territories with duties to investigate and to report conditions.

We ask the appointment of representatives of the Negro race on the Mandates Commission and in the International Labor Bureau.

In fine, we ask in all the world that black folk be treated as men. We can see no other road to peace and progress. What more paradoxical figure today fronts the world than the official head of a great South African state striving blindly to build peace and good will in Europe by standing on the necks and hearts of millions of black Africans?

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois.

Babbitt at Angkor

We bought Babbitt at Singapore. The ends of the earth meet at Singapore, and in Kelly, Walsh's admirable book shop on Raffles' Square a whole importation of Babbitt piled itself comfortably alongside The Ramayana. The Ramayana was part of our Indian luggage; Babbitt we dropped into our bags without much thinking what we were doing, we two Americans whose taste for vanished civilizations had brought us half way round the world to see the ruined cities and temples of Cambodia.—Afterwards the irony of destiny overtook us for carrying Main Street to Angkor.

From Singapore, Cambodia is east still four days' voyage, two by sea to the coast of Indo-China and another two up the Mekong, a river of rivers flowing down from the mountains of Thibet into the gray green plains. Melancholy country Cambodia, with a sinister spell even in the sunshine: swamp and marshland edged endlessly by bush jungle and inhabited by long-legged cranes and water-buffaloes and a humble little brown people who live half in, half out of the water, too. In an earlier existence they were enslaved to the builders of Angkor, the Khmers, a Hindu people who, long before the sixth century when they first appear in history, migrated from India, for who knows what reason, to the valley of the Mekong, setting up their

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kingdom there by forced labor. Nothing less would have built thirty cities so colossally of stone brought with pain from distant mountains—the temples, palaces, pools, pleasaunces, causeways that rose miles wide through the Cambodian swamps within four or five hundred years. Angkor Thom, the capital city, was a beautiful walled town of the ninth and tenth centuries as big as a mediaeval French town, or First Century Rome. Angkor Vat, the show temple now of Angkor, lying half a mile south of Angkor Thom, dates from the twelfth century, the end of Cambodia's magnificence.

For, under the incursions of the Siamese the kingdom of the Khmers fell: the city built by the tragedy that waits on boastful kings to be "impregnable and indestructible" was besieged and occupied, then in a generation or so left to the jungle to bury in the oblivion of six centuries. Not until some fifty years ago when France's interest in Cambodia led her archaeologists into the jungle, was the old civilization discovered under the trees and an art to which India herself can now show nothing comparable in either extent or beauty. Since France took over the country formally from Siam in 1908, she has done her utmost to save the ruins that were falling stone by stone and to make them accessible to travellers even to the point of providing a bungalow precisely opposite Angkor Vat. Once arrived by ship and sampan in the jungle of terra firma, we had only to take the path under the banyan tree and cross the stone bridge over the moat floating full of lotus to be at the temple gates.

Three there are, two great gates to right and left where experience later taught us to enter royally by elephant—the luxury of the East is in the big soft steps of an elephant down those temple distances—and a central gate for the first day when we came afoot. It opens onto a paved avenue in the grand style crossing the vast parallelogram of an enclosure to the temple at the far end. Indian the vast parallelogram, but quintessentially Khmer the Nagas, the long-tailed serpents that balustrade the avenue both sides, rearing their seven heads fanshape at decorative intervals along the way. The temple, a pyramid of gray stone, builds itself up by three stories of ascending galleries from a superb stone terrace to five dome-like towers that point all skyward. Like five beautiful cones they are, or say like five lotus buds in a land where everything is lotus-like from the eyes of women to the feet of the Gods. Wan and delicately carved as flowers I have sometimes seen them look in the gray Cambodian dawn, then at midday float like things celestial in a luminous heaven, and at the coming up of the moon round and clear behind Angkor turn back to splendid dark masses of stone, whereat my fellow-traveller, a great Romantic, cried out for joy. At first sight, away over the moat, their tiers on tiers of carving bespoke them Hindu long before we came near enough to make out the snakes and eagles and tiny gods into which they are actually cut—to realize, in fact, that the whole temple is the most prodigious mass of carving that mortal genius, they say, has ever heaped up.

Colonnades, doorways—the incomparable doorways of Angkor—and heavy handsome Hindu porches are all run round with patterns of leaves and flowers, of geometric figures and human figures—or heavenly ones, the Apsaras, dancing with the angular grace of Paradise between the grilled windows of the façade and on the gallery friezes. The galleries, immense square-circling ones, are paneled with bas reliefs of the gods, processions of them riding up, each on his elephant, his peacock, his goose, his serpent, to where Vishnu, Preserver of the Universe, holds the centre against a many-headed monster with a multitude of arms. Processions of kings also, the Pandavas, themselves from the plains north of Delhi, sitting on their elephants under their round umbrellas—when a king suffers defeat he puts down his umbrella—and standing, for the sculptors of Angkor did not understand perspective, on the heads of their soldiers; the soldiers in turn drawn up in rhythmic pattern of march, their round shields held close to their breasts. Their women follow, delaying foolishly to pluck wild fruits in the jungle.

Comes a high priest carried in his litter by five lesser priests. He holds aloft his sacrificial knife, is refreshed by the breezes of thirteen fans, and wears earrings like a king's. Come, too, lions and chimeras harnessed to fantastic chariots from which somebody draws a long-bow in lovely curve, more elephants curling their trunks in élan of victory, and a whole army of monkeys led by their monkey general against hosts of helmeted demons from Ceylon, helping Rama to rescue, of course, ever-beautiful, ever-faithful Sita from the demon king. Splendid the fury of the adversaries. The monkeys fight with stones and branches of trees, they bite their enemies, they overturn their chariots, and strangle them in their arms. They steal the sabres and shields of warriors who are giants to them. In all Angkor there is no finer or more living art than on the walls of the famous first gallery. Even the old Cambodian world of every day is depicted there: a woman playing with her baby surrounded by servants; two boats with birds carved on their prows, fishes swimming the water round and rowers distracted by a first-rate cock-fight going on by the riverside.

Within, the tale of decoration continues through vestibules, cruciform corridors, courts, cloistered courts containing within themselves ornate little pavilions—libraries and treasure houses they were—and pools whose rims and steps down which the pious descended to bathe are of elegantly modelled stone—on and on to rectangular chambers, the high-roofed shrines of the gods, guarded by hier-

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atic beasts and giant club-bearers and crowded with subtly smiling Buddhas. One stiff sculptured statue of Vishnu is left standing, probably for safety's sake in the event of his preserving the universe for Hindus. From lesser shrines above lesser towers, gables, rounded Indian gables and steep-curving Indian roofs, stone stairs steep as the roofs mount to the sanctuary itself which is at the top in the central one of the five towers. It looks west away over the jungle to the setting sun, and was dedicated to Siva, the Destroyer and Death-Bringer. Bringer of Life, too,—of creation, destruction, and regeneration, the formula runs—for Siva is really the energy of the universe, its manifestations for good and evil philosophized into one, "the dancer who diffuses power through mind and matter and makes them dance in turn." With the Ganges and the crescent moon caught in the stream of his hair and his right foot trampling the demon Cosmic Illusion, he is worshipped by the young and the poor, by women and lovers and fanatics—in a word, by all Romantics; while Vishnu protects the rich and middle-aged, fathers of families and kings well established on their thrones.

Siva was tumbled down from his shrine, apparently, ages ago and the Buddha stood in his place; and yellow-robed priests burn the incense now instead of red-silk Brahmans. They make a pitiful showing, the few yellow creatures, in those sombre stone chambers and endless shadowy corridors where more Buddhas and Bodisatvas are crumbling to wood and stone. Not in Angkor is to be found the peace and detachment of the Enlightened One but the spirit of the Destroyer still that has strewn the forest round with ruined temples—Neak Pean, Banteai Kedai, Ta Prom, Prah Khan, and how many more up to the gates of Angkor Thom and the finest temples of all within them, Baphuon and matchless Bayon. They were built in an earlier, devouter period than Angkor Vat, all to the glory of the god, from the portals, so perfect that their sculptors, they say, won paradise with them, to the astonishing towers that have the four faces of Brahma for their four grave beautiful sides. So, too, have the gates of Angkor Thom Brahma's four heads to top them, upheld caryatid-like by elephants with their long lines of trunk and tusk. Not that to this day Brahma has ever been a mighty god with a cult like Siva's but that his head lends itself to the decoration of towers.

Towers and gates of Angkor Thom the skilful careful French have set up again, and the walls that were, perhaps, palaces and bazaars and barracks. They have cleaned the patin of time from the sculptures, restored rows of eagles, elephants —always elephants—and diademed divinities to the Terrace of Honour and the Terrace, so called, of the Leper King. Even dancers trained in Cambodian court tradition, the only living thing left of old Angkor, the French were able to conjure up for the pleasure of my romantic fellow-traveller to take the poses and turns of Apsaras on the temple steps—of the very Apsaras chiselled in stone behind them with an almost French cachet to the curves of their angular bodies and their little heads heavy with three-pronged diadems.

But the temples buried in the jungle only a god could set up again. Not that we by any means wished for a god to disturb those grandiose ruins overtaken by a green Cambodian doom. A tree of evil has devastated gray Angkor, the ficus with the ghastly whitish trunk that multiplies itself into a myriad of trees completely swallowing up little Neak Pean, and running riot over Prah Khan (so vast, so magnificent that once it was served by six hundred and sixty thousand priestly persons and six hundred and fifteen dancers). The roots of the ficus are long as the roots of trees in mythology and as wide-spread the branches, where yellow monkeys run up and down mocking at the wreckage below. Roofless chapels, broken galleries, grass-hung courts heaped with old carvings, pediments, lintels, spandrels of arches cut with the bold design of the vines now running green all over them, fallen columns, whole colonnades of them, walls, towers, deities, dancers tumbled into picturesqueness, and porches choked with green. Timeless the beauty of the place where everything seemed to be passing and yet everything standing still, where birth and death were undated and good and evil were no longer important—and only beauty remained, beauty haunted by the futility of piling up stones.

An Indian, I preached to myself, would moralize the unsubstantial character of all existence and go build more ornately than ever; an Englishman would turn Angkor into a tragedy of vainglory or a mystical piece of old prose on that "duration that maketh pyramids of snow and all that's past a moment." Sometimes in the perambulations of my elephant about the ruins I seemed to catch the rhythms of such meditations; but what was an American to do with the prose of Main Street weighing like a stone itself in her pocket?

That, I said, is the moral of Angkor. The energy of the universe now embodying itself so curiously in Babbitt will absorb him in turn into "the uncomfortable night of nothing," to be renewed in builders of pyramids, it may be, of arches and obelisks—does it so much matter if they build monumental railway stations and sky-scrapers? Angkor Vat itself was thought as big and magnificently vulgar as something American, by the finer spirits, the conservatives of twelfth century Cambodia who worshipped Siva not there but at old Bayon. It is not "preservations below the moon" that are eternally beautiful but the conjunctions of the planets themselves, the dance of life through mind and matter. The god was the immortal thing, not the temple.

LUCY MARTIN DONNELLY.

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A COMMUNICATION

Kingdom or Republic in Hungary?

SIR: Count Albert Apponyi delivered many speeches and lectures in America, and with the great force of his incomparable eloquence he expounded the Hungarian cause in every detail that he considered important. The main trend of his argument was that the only real cure for our bleeding country would be the restoration of her ancient historical frontiers. That this would only involve an immediate new war and that the majority of the detached population would not be inclined to return spontaneously to Hungary: this aspect of the problem was entirely omitted by Count Apponyi or he soothed the probably sceptical elements in his audiences by asserting that nobody in Hungary thinks of warlike action in order to achieve this purpose and that Hungarian public opinion hopes to reëstablish the former frontiers exclusively by pacific means. That Admiral Horthy announced in a recent speech a new war was inevitable; that the whole of the Hungarian press, which is entirely under the thumb of the government, is imbued with a warlike chauvinistic doctrine; that the Hungarian emigrés are branded as traitors, especially because they are advocating a policy that is opposed to the preparation for a new war; that the whole of Hungarian public education is systematically envenomed by a fanatical race hatred; that Horthy-Hungary is in intimate touch with Mussolini, Kemal and the Bulgarian counter-revolution and all kinds of German reactionaries, that is to say, with all elements who foment the idea of a new war in the interest of another sort of political equilibrium: all these most important political issues were entirely omitted by Count Albert Apponyi with a grand seigneur-like nonchalance.

But above all this there were questions that Count Apponyi not only avoided by refusing all discussion of the subjects, but also declined to answer references to on several occasions. The questions: What should be the definite form of the Hungarian constitution, a monarchy or a republic? What should become of the Hapsburg claim to the throne of Hungary? On these matters Count Apponyi kept up a solemn silence and he declared most emphatically that he refused to discuss these problems in a foreign country because they were absolutely internal Hungarian questions.

The reticence of such an eloquent man on such an important point is very surprising, especially when it is generally known that the more enlightened circles of American public opinion are well acquainted with the tendencies and consequences which the restoration of the Hapsburgs would entail from the point of view of the international policy of Central Europe. And indeed republic or monarchy is not a side issue on the part of Hungarian internal constitutional life but has a profound significance for the future of the *whole Danube Basin*. I shall endeavor to show in this communication the real importance of the question and the real cause of Count Apponyi's silence on the subject.

The problem of kingdom or republic in Hungary does not signify a theoretical question as regards the best form of government, it is no easy matter of purely internal politics. We have actually no choice between a republic or a constitutional monarchy in abstracto as Count Apponyi affirms. Should we really have this choice, I imagine that perhaps many people would stand rather for the English form of monarchy than for the Poincaré kind of a republic. The only real issue in present Hungarian politics is the choice between the restoration of the Hapsburgs and a resumption of the short-lived episode of a Hungarian republic from November, 1918, to March, 1919. That a Hungarian citizen should be elected king is nonsense. That a member of a foreign dynasty should be invited to the throne is equally impossible, as every combination would be detrimental to the present political equilibrium. Besides, no foreign dynasty has any root in our country. I repeat: *The only possible choice is between the Hapsburgs and a republic.*

As a matter of fact, Hungary is in a tragi-comic situation today. She is neither a kingdom nor a republic. In essence she is a republic, with a locum tenens of the king. In spite of the fact that the so-called legitimate king has been expelled by armed force by the present government, and that the act of dethronement of the Hapsburgs was passed by the present National Assembly under pressure by the Little Entente, nevertheless, the young son of the exiled monarch, the late King Charles, with the help of a talmudistic conception of the constitution, is supposed to be king. Governor Horthy and all the public authorities and judicial courts work formally in the name of this "invisible king." Therefore, you could also call the present system a "kingdom without a king" or a "kingdom with a regent, with remarkable anti-monarchistic tendencies," tendencies which caused the late king to be fired at by his own royal soldiers. The troubles, worries and logical impossibilities of both constitutional formulas would be identical. The anachronistic situation points to the tremendous forces exercised even today by the Hapsburg influence. I must give here a short historical sketch in order to demonstrate the real significance of the Hapsburgist tendencies in Hungary.

The Hapsburg dynasty, getting its support from its great patrimonial estates and later from the German empire, achieved an over-lordship only very gradually in Hungary after the dismemberment of the country by the Turks. The alien German monarchy meant,—as far as Hungary was concerned—a foreign absolutism and militarism aiming systematically to incorporate Hungary into the German imperialism. Later, too, the clerical tend-

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encies became more manifest against Hungarian Protestantism. Against these efforts of German centralization and of clericalization all the more independent elements of the country and especially of Transylvania were in constant revolt for centuries. The famous insurrections of Bocskay, Bethlen, Rákóczi and Kossuth were the culminating points of this desperate struggle for national independence and religious freedom against the German and Catholic imperialism. This antagonism became so irreconcilable on two occasions that Francis Rákóczi in 1707 and Louis Kossuth in 1849 solemnly dethroned the hated dynasty of the Hapsburgs. The revolution and dethronement by Count Károlyi in October, 1918, was but a logical historical consequence of these antecedents.

But all these national upheavals were doomed to failure. The growing power of German imperialism, the financial strength and the bureaucratic apparatus of the Hapsburgs, the supremacy of their military organization became more and more preponderant as compared to the unorganized and divided forces of the Hungarian opposition. The duchy of Transylvania, around which most of the national forces were concentrated, was finally subdued by the powerful Hapsburg autocracy. At the same time the Hapsburgs succeeded in gaining important allies in Hungary. The independent elements of the nobility and peasants were exterminated by the incessant feuds and insurrections. The great landed properties came into the possession of the dynasty which gave these away as donations to a new aristocracy, mostly of foreign origin, as baronetcies and dukedoms, thus recruiting a powerful Hungarian backing against all national forces within the realm. Even the ancestor of Count Michael Károlyi, the recent dethroner of the Hapsburgs, Alexander Károlyi, received his immense estates and title as a remuneration for abandoning the national flag of Rákóczi. Very similar was the political situation of the high Catholic clergy whose great estates and riches were bestowed upon them by the Hapsburgs for analogous services. Thus, step by step a new loyal Hungarian aristocracy and high clergy arose and the independent faction of the nobility became degenerated and impoverished, and the peasants as bondsmen were delivered to the mercy of Hungarian feudalism.

This profound antagonism, lasting for more than three hundred years between the national and Protestant cause in Hungary on the one hand and the absolutist, Germanistic and Catholicizing tendencies of the Hapsburgs on the other hand, assumed a remarkable change after the Battle of Koenigraetz (1866) when the Hapsburgs were defeated by the Prussians and compelled to secede from the German Bund. A compromise between Austria and Hungary had to be effected and the constitutional formula of this compromise was the dualistic system. The German centralizing tendencies were mitigated and Hungary obtained a certain national independence. This system led to a rule of Germanization in Austria and Magyarization in Hungary. The feudal constitution of Hungary was maintained on the ground of the political nullification not only of the alien nationalities but also of the Magyar landless peasants and working classes. This anachronistic state of affairs, which impeded the cultural and the national development of the non-Magyar and non-German nationalities constituting the large majority of the monarchy, and which at the same time excluded the working classes from constitutional life in Hungary, represented a system of a very uncertain political equilibrium. This system was one of the chief causes of the World War, which incidentally also destroyed this system. On the ruins of the Hapsburg monarchy five distinct national states arose which represent very different types of civilization and democracy, but which are all characterized by the common aim of expropriating the large estates of the former Hapsburg feudalism and of distributing them among the landless native peasantry.

The real victim of these changes was Hungary, so proud of her thousand years of existence. Her dismemberment was not only an economic but a national catastrophe, for very important Hungarian minorities were transferred to foreign sovereignties. This was partly the consequence of the very intermingled state in which the various ethnographical elements lived in those territories, but partly also was due to the exaggerated claims of the newly formed states for so-called "strategic boundaries."

Now it is very easy to understand what—under these conditions—the restoration of the Hapsburgs would really mean. It would mean the conscious or subconscious endeavor on the part of Hapsburgist feudalism to restore the historical frontiers of Hungary with the aid of the former royalist army; it would mean a tendency to impede the expropriation of the latifundist system in Hungary, which is more and more endangered by the example given by the agrarian reforms passed in the Succession States; it would mean the beginning of a general restoration of the Hapsburg dynasty in all the countries from which it was driven out; it would mean the more efficacious and organized efforts of all counter-revolutionary elements in Central Europe to form an alliance in the interest of the restoration of the Hohenzollerns, Hapsburgs, Wittelsbachs and even the Romanoffs.

On the other hand the claim for the restoration of the Hungarian republic, created by the pacifist and democratic revolution of October, 1918, would signify the reorganization of Hungary on a democratic basis; the expropriation of the large estates and the refounding of the obsolete agrarian system of Hungary on the basis of a new agrarian class of small peasants, educated and organized on the Danish model in a spirit of agrarian coöperation; it would signify the cessation of all war-like activities and the liquidation of all kinds of sinecure-bureaucracy (both representing a tremendous expense making all serious economic recovery impossible), it would signify pacifist policy towards the neighboring states. The Hungarian republic thoroughly occupied with her internal political and economic problems would be anxious to promote all endeavors in Central Europe which have as their object a healing of the wounds of the war by an economic policy of *free trade* and by the cultural policy of *national autonomy* for all national minorities living under foreign domination.

Territorial integrity of the ancient feudal Hungary, political integrity of the Hapsburg dynasty, economic inte-

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grity of the latifundist estates; that is the real meaning of the watch-word of the restoration of the Hapsburgs.

A new Hungary on the basis of democracy, the dismemberment of the feudal estates in favor of the landless peasant, sincere policy in the spirit of free trade and national autonomy, a serious step towards confederational rapprochement among the new states in the Danube Basin and the Balkans; that is the real meaning of the watch-word of the restoration of the republic.

As you see from this point of view republic and monarchy have an almost *symbolical* significance. They are the ideas of two diametrically opposite worlds: the one, the ideal of the Hapsburg aristocracy, the other of the Hungarian working classes, peasants, industrial workers and creative intelligentsia. The one is protected by some hundred feudal families, the high-Roman Catholic clergy and small circles of the haute finance and the servile intelligentsia. The other is the will to live of at least three-fourths of the Hungarian people.

That is the problem which Count Apponyi considered as too small in importance to bring to the attention of the American people, or which he considered as a purely internal problem of Hungary. I think this point of view is very contradictory to the very platform of Count Apponyi. He asked for American assistance in many problems. He asked for a loan, for the restoration of our frontiers, for a new treatment of the reparation question, for the improvement of the conditions of Magyar minorities living under alien rule. The discussion of all these questions is free and open, only the far more significant problem of the Hungarian republic is a sort of a national secret, a taboo closed to the view of foreigners. Why? I do not need to amplify it to the intelligent readers of the New Republic. I simply address the question with an old German rhyme to Count Albert Apponyi:

Erkläret mir Graf Oerindur
Diesen Zwiespalt der Natur.

OSCAR JÁSZI.

New Year's, 1923

Lying awake at midnight in the prison,
I heard a sudden crash of chiming bells,
Bronze bass and silver tenor, tone on tone.
—"The Church," thought I, "rings in another year."

Then through the jangled bells the wail of horns
(Ships' sirens blowing from the river walls)
Smote, like a trumpet blast in sea-born "Tristan."
—"Commerce," thought I, "rings in another year."

And, as if stricken with the night's wild fever,
The prison shook in peals of Fenian cheers;
Mugs rattled, chambers clanged, old songs were sung.
—"The Law," thought I, "rings in another year."

Ear-surfeited, I turned to sleep: but sleep
Fled fearfully before a Thompson gun
Making new music at the prison gate.
—"WAR," pondered I, "rings in another year."

JOSEPH CAMPBELL.

Mountjoy Military Prison,
Dublin.

CORRESPONDENCE

In Germany Today

SIR: The following extract from a letter received today from the director of the child feeding centre of Saxony may be of some assistance to the committee of which General Allen is chairman and which is raising money for hungry German children. "Reports come in from the schools that children faint because they have nothing to eat at home. Four dollars of the money sent bought bread and fat and fed 12 children for three weeks in one of the poorest sections of Dresden. Things are very bad here. The great mass of people have not enough to eat or means to keep warm. Public soup kitchens have been opened and in Dresden 30,000 portions are given out every day at a very reduced price but everyone is convinced that conditions will grow worse when cold weather comes and when the German harvest is used up." How many Americans have known and loved Dresden! In another letter from Leipzig I am told that 6,000 are too weak from undernourishment to attend school. All over Germany hospitals and clinics have closed or are closing because they have no funds. The head of the English Quaker Mission of all Europe told me within a week that he felt sure thousands of Germans would perish of starvation and cold this winter. The Germans themselves believe this and old people are asking for means to end their lives that children may have their share of the scanty resources. I have seen thousands of these undernourished children gathered together in municipal halls and told of the far away friends in America who care that they are hungry and who send them food. More of them are hungry now and the need for quick action is imperative. Contributions may be sent to the American Committee for the Relief of German Children, 19 West 44th Street, New York City, Major-General Allen, Chairman.

ANNE WITHINGTON.

Grenoble, France.

SIR: The readers of the New Republic need no description of mine to assure them that the simple problem of getting several meals a day and a little coal for keeping warm consumes most of the average German's time, thought, and money in Munich. Conditions in this city have long ago passed the point which I thought was the nadir of human resisting power.

The lowest in this heap of human misery is the German student. There are 10,000 youngsters at the University of Munich, of whom a large percentage are dependent upon the Foreign Students' Relief kitchen for one fairly adequate meal a day, a warm room in which to study, and a loaf of bread for home consumption. This isn't by any means what one might call an attractive life, but the work of the Relief has at least kept many of the students alive.

Last spring we could support a student on $2 a month. We need now at least $6 a month—and the number of students who are calling for our help has vastly increased. Why don't they go to work? There are 125,000 unemployed—"regular workmen"—in the city of Munich alone, and about 1,400 jobs open! Despite all these new obstacles, however, we don't want to shirk the responsibility we accepted last year. We want to put the most advanced and deserving of the impoverished students through their examinations; we want to keep a room or two heated for student studies; we certainly don't want to abandon the kitchen where meals are served at reduced rates or free; and we want to secure clothes for the students who are trotting through Bavarian slush with shoes worn through, without overcoats, hatless and even shirtless.

Then, we want, as much as funds, the moral support. We want to show these youngsters that after all in the Ausland there are still people who sympathize and are interested in them; who are willing to invest a little in their futures; who want to help them regain hope and courage; and who wish to encourage them to right in a sane way the topsy-turvy muddle in Europe. Surely there are readers of the New Republic who will help us. Send letters or packages, well sealed and wrapped, to the Auslaendische Studentenhilfe, Universitaet von Muenchen, Muenchen, Germany. We can use a great quantity of men's clothes in good condition—suits, overcoats, shoes, hats, shirts, etc.

HARBOR ALLEN.

Munich, Germany.

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The Dante Model

A Project for a Theatrical Presentation of The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri, by Norman-Bel Geddes. The foreword by Max Reinhardt. Photography by Francis Bruguière. Theatre Arts, Inc. New York. $5.00.

MR. NORMAN-BEL GEDDES'S model calls for a circular stage, 135 feet in width and 165 feet on its longitudinal axis, and composed entirely of steps. From a central pit the slope rises on the far side to fifty feet; on the near side the slope ends in a ledge, one fourth as high, which descends toward the audience in a series of terraces until it reaches the level of the pit bottom; and there a valley runs half way round the circle, separated from the audience by a wall seven feet high. People may pass inside this wall or on top of it. The wall ends on either side in a sort of tower which rises from the slope in a series of steps. Further back another pair of towers or plinths rise to a height of seventy-five feet. The audience sits, as it did in a Greek theatre, in a half circle before this scene.

This book is made up of photographs of the model for such a project. On the models a company of figures in scale have been arranged as actors would be in a production. The quality of the model as it stands is so right that for all one can see these might be pictures of the actual event. And the extraordinary art of Mr. Francis Bruguière carries the illusion to its last perfection. Without retouching and solely with his manipulation of exposure and lighting Mr. Bruguière for several years now has made photographs of theatrical scenes and settings such as have never been seen before. Through him our American stage is sent to Europe in a form that contributes vastly to its prestige. He has already become an important figure in our theatre. To the book Mr. Max Reinhardt contributes a glowing preface. And Mr. Geddes outlines the scheme for the production, and for the dramatic statement of Dante's poem; and gives a really moving and noble account of how the conception first came to him.

Mr. Geddes's arrangement of the Divine Comedy would not embody to any great extent that side of Dante that poets love. Nor should we have, in the drama that Mr. Geddes proposes, that terrible and penetrating immediacy that Dante has, nor that physical and spiritual precision, carried to the last and closest poetry of the soul. That might be drama too, but it is more intimate and within. What Mr. Geddes takes is that part of Dante's poem that moves toward a great essential form. What this drama of Mr. Geddes would take out of Dante is the soaring pattern of the idea. The action as he plans it would begin in long straight lines, slowly. The tempo increases, the lines are bent. The speed cannot longer be followed, the action spins round and round. There emerges the design of the soul's search and the soul's wonder and revelation. A kind of cosmic outline is discovered for the whole. Something is here revealed in motion that is like the motion of worlds, of the earth where men's lives are led, and that relates the poem to the universal. To this scope and dilation the uses of music would be brought, and light, words and variable forms, all the sides of us, all the channels by which we respond to the universe about us.

That the achievement of such a project with even a medium success would be an immense enterprise is obvious. But what appears in the model already is a superb statement and one of the most impressive things in the history of the modern theatre. Upon the strangely blurred forms of this gray-toned mass, with its ascents, its valleys and terraces and undulations, its plinths and runways and towers, lie already infinite possibilities. About the model itself as it rises in its subtle mass there is something stirring and beautiful that is like the uncertain and powerful forms of the earth. Under the changing qualities of light there comes upon this model some marvellous flux of creation like births and rebirths in time. It seems to stir with a perpetual life; and to have about it the variety and moods of form, as form underlies all thought, music, passionate existence, dreams, and the images that arise from visible nature.

Looking at this series of photographs I could not believe that all of them, so inexhaustibly diverse, could derive from that single mass that the model is, if it were not for the earth again, whose forms, I know, have by the miracle of light the same endless variety and life. In one of the photographs—almost, I think, the most beautiful of them all—the front wall of the place is shadowed, and the forms standing on the ledge of it are black against the sea of light that lies in the pit. Beyond and running to the base of the plinths, are the long lines of the steps; beyond them is shadow again where the upper part of the slope might be. The plinths stand in a half darkness, they are like cliffs before which the steps of a temple extend. And on the steps to one side, not far from the base of the plinth, are two figures with the light upon them. A picture this is that spreads into a grave, classical peace and at the same time a rapture, into a kind of quiet order and ecstasy, that I have not seen before. Or take the photograph in which the steps lie faintly but steadily seen, extending from the front ledge to the last height of the slope beyond; and on them, running from the front, the ranks of figures go, in lines like the shape of a funnel. The plinths are dimmed into high masses, on the edges of which the glare falls of a great light. And from the center, standing on the front ledge, the black figure with its lifted arms surveys the eternal progress there. Or take that scene in fainter tones, everything in it soft and drowned in a gentle world of light. The figures stand below to the front, they extend to the top of the slope, they crowd the edges of the plinths and towers, of which the forms have softened and lost their angular details. The rear plinths seem now to be two great ships of stone come strangely into a marble harbour. And upon them cluster winged figures, as if all this were some radiant embarcation into immortal space.

And finally take that scene in which the valleys and ledges and towers have vanished and we have a sweep of silver stairs with vast shadows of wings enclosing them on either side; and in the center beyond and high up, a radiance, with two forms, dimly seen in it,

O abbondante grazia, ond'io presunsi
ficcar lo viso per la luce eterna
tanto che la veduta vi consunsi!

O abundant grace, wherein I presumed to fix my gaze on the eternal light so long that my sight was there consumed!

What these pictures are cannot be described, indeed, but they express magnificent and elemental conceptions; they are full of a power, ingenuity, invention and sweep of feeling that make this book a new force in the life of the theatre of our time.

STARK YOUNG.

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Moll Flanders

The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Famous Moll Flanders, by Daniel Defoe. With an introduction by Carl Van Doren. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.00.

IF it is necessary to fasten the distinction upon any one, Defoe was the first English novelist. To this title others have added that of the first journalist. The mind that fashioned, out of fact and fiction curiously, inextricably mixed, this tale of Moll Flanders, with its lack of design, of ingenuity, of imagination, with its unflagging verisimilitude and pious varnish, with its tedious procession of prosaic detail adding up, somehow, to a total uncommonly alive, is the mind of a man in whom the journalist and the novelist were Siamese Twins. Out of his notebook full of police-court frailty, petty larceny, sidewalk dialogue and humdrum vice this reporter has, by an art known least of all to himself, pasted together a story as substantial and fascinating as its parts are trifling and commonplace.

No wonder that the French naturalists, when Marcel Schwob had translated Moll Flanders for them, hailed Defoe almost as a newly discovered ancestor. But in one essential he was not their man at all. Their method was very much on their minds; they were highly, often absurdly self-conscious in their efforts to conscript nature in the service of literature; they went about observing the details of life with an omnivorous, promiscuous zeal pardonable, perhaps, in an entomologist just landed on an unexplored island. They never forgot that they were pioneers in a new way of writing about people. In the light of this cerebral preoccupation, Defoe has as little in common with the naturalists as he has with a very opposite type, the volcanic, unself-conscious novelist out of whose dark mental soil sprout strange luxuriances in profuse inevitability. Defoe's plot of ground was natively pretty barren; but we do not find him sprinkling it with a brand new watering-can and a self-conscious gesture. How then, with his lack of both land and agriculture, did he raise so remarkable a crop? How, with its poverty of mind, of incident, and of language, does Moll Flanders manage to remain, after all, so rich?

Defoe had almost as little mind as the lens of a camera. This would be less noticeable were it not for his engaging smugness in reassuring the reader that the story is after all a highly moral one, his hope that they "will be more pleased with the moral than the fable," his boast that "as the whole relation is carefully garbled of all the levity and looseness that was in it, so it is all applied . . . to virtuous and religious ends." "To give the history of a wicked life repented of"—that he insists, is what most moved him to write it. And he would have us believe that since "the wicked part should be made as wicked as the real history of it will bear . . . an author must be hard put to it to wrap it up so clean as not to give room, especially for vicious readers, to turn it to his disadvantage." The wrapping comes loose once in a while, but on the whole Defoe managed to brush the whole over with enough sugar to suit the curious moral taste of his time. Quite obviously he wanted readers rather than better morals. He had struck a rich vein in Robinson Crusoe, and followed up this success with the publication of other adventurous tales, among them Moll Flanders, some of which were probably written earlier than Crusoe. So Moll Flanders, in the writing of which nothing was farther from his mind than a work of art, is hardly even the work of a novelist, but rather a piece of pot-boiling by a man who thoroughly liked the job.

Defoe certainly enjoyed this particular job, in his industrious, matter-of-fact way. There are no signs that his interest in what he is telling flagged at any moment. Remarkable indeed it is that none of the tedious parts of the story—and there are many—seem in the least to have bored their narrator. The story appears to have for him that constant interest which we associate as a rule only with people who are telling the story of their own lives.

If he had not cast Moll Flanders in autobiographical form the result might have been very different. In letting Moll recite all the facts and details and slightest incidents of her life he gives the best example I know of a projection of total recall. Better than a reporter—part of whose person is nearly always visible—Defoe was only a pen in Moll's hand. He might have heard the story exactly as he wrote it down—except for the pious and repentant tone, though even that sounds far more as if it came from her than from him. Among the countless writers possessed of what we call imagination, in all degrees from creative genius to mere day-dreaming, there is no place for Defoe. His imagination was of a different kind entirely. He could imagine not so much the occurrence of a certain train of events as how those events would be narrated by the person to whom they had happened. This subtle ability to seem the faithful, unconscious reporter of what he had himself invented was a substitute for the true imagination in which he was lacking, and the book is a monument to a fictional technique of which he was utterly unaware, and which no one writing after him will be likely to recapture by the exercise of thought.

We are as interested in Moll Flanders, and as willing to endure her dullness and the patternless repetitions of her life as if we had been listening to her in the flesh and not reading the book. From her we accept hours of unnecessary detail which we would never bear from a mere author. For Moll everything in her weak, calculating life is interesting: the thousand ordinary things her various lovers said to her, and the thousand and one unremarkable words she replied to dismiss, keep or get them; the trivial locality and chronology of her wanderings; the detailed advice sought, and put prosaically into effect; the financial minutiae of a shrewd woman who was a fairly respectable harlot and a not over-skilful thief. At one time, as she is about to make an advantageous marriage, she finds herself to be, somewhat inconveniently, with child, and goes to a discreet establishment where such misfortunes can become, cheaply and quietly, part of a noiseless past. The cheapness in particular delights her, and she tells us, not only what she had to pay herself, but, in two elaborate pages, the three separate itemized tariffs offered to its patrons by the baby farm. "For a nurse for the month, and the finest suit of child-bed linen, £4:4. For a supper, the gentlemen to send in the wine, £6." And so on to the last shilling.

Of such trifles is built up the reality of Moll, accurate, foolish, lucky, culculating, prosaic, pious Moll, as real a person as any one we know. A minor classic, by virtue of simple secrets which will be the despair of really intelligent novelists whose creations she will outlive. The secret, if it can be given a name, is that precious human documentation which the naturalists courted as the key to truth itself. But they wrote their documents into a book, while Defoe's documents seem to have been spoken out of a life.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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A Vortex in the Nineties

Stephen Crane: A Study in American Letters, by Thomas Beer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MR. THOMAS BEER'S Stephen Crane is the latest and not one of the least satisfactory contributions to the twentieth century portrait gallery of nineteenth century celebrities inaugurated five years ago by Mr. Lytton Strachey. Since Eminent Victorians English biography, much to every one's surprise, has become what it has long been in France: a form of literary art. "Those two fat volumes," at $7.50 a set, which Mr. Strachey deplored in 1918, have already begun to disappear and we have instead, if not always masterpieces, at least narratives which are critical and selective and of dimensions appropriate to their importance.

Mr. Beer, however, differs from most of his fellows in not imitating Strachey's style as well as his ecomony and order—which is rather a relief after one has seen Mr. Harold Nicholson try to reproduce the whole culminating page of Queen Victoria in one of the very first chapters of his Tennyson and watched Mr. Guedalla's complacent endeavors to duplicate Mr. Strachey's irony by imitating his technique and his tone without having been gifted with the critical sense which give tone and technique their point. Mr. Beer has gone for his style to a writer who had already before Strachey brought something of Strachey's ironic accent to the chronicle of the nineteenth century: he has gone to our own Henry Adams. He patronizes American politics in precisely Adams's manner and even imitates those curiously artificial transitions—perhaps the result in Adams's case of his inveterate desire to impose unity on a set of phenomena that appalled him by their inconsequence—which in The Education of Henry Adams and the History of the United States sometimes suggests that the smooth-flowing garment of style covers rather vague intellectual contours. Thus Mr. Beer writes: "This jape (of Mark Twain about Henry James) was in London six months later, but Crane, a few blocks to the north of its making, was far from well," or, "He had read with appreciation Knut Hamsun's Hunger when Karl Harriman brought the book to Brede in summer but appetite ceased and Mrs. Crane had agitated conferences with friends as to Switzerland and the Black Forest." Mr. Beer's mistake, like Henry Adams's on similar occasions, was in ever trying to combine Hamsun's Hunger and Crane's increasing illness in one sentence at all.

But Mr. Beer, in spite of this and some other defects of style, has written an incredibly entertaining book about one of the most unpromising of periods. The eighties and nineties in America appear—at least to one who was born on the hither edge of them—perhaps the most provincial and uninspired moment in the history of American society. It sometimes seems to me that it is even possible to detect a distinct intellectual decline between Americans educated in the seventies and Americans educated in the eighties. In the seventies, men were still living on the culture and believing in the social ideal which had survived from the founding of the Republic. The doctors, the professors, the lawyers and the churchmen who were educated in the seventies had at once a certain all-round humanism and a dignified seriousness about life; they had an integrity of moral ideal. But by the eighties Business had flooded in and ideals were in confusion: the lawyer was on his way to become a corporation lawyer and keep Business out of jail, the doctor was on his way to be a "specialist" and put Business in a sanitarium and the university and the church were on their way to be abandoned by first-rate men altogether. In the meantime, the men of the eighties found themselves launched, with whatever culture or honesty of purpose, in a world where much money was to be made and everybody was beginning to make money. Humanism was put to rout; moral ideals became impossible; and seriousness about man and his problems was entirely abrogated in favor of the curious seriousness of Business about things which are not serious. The state became identified with Business; ideas were shot on sight. People had rather a good time, one supposes; at least they spent a great deal of money. But life, in the long run, seems to have been rather unsatisfactory. What was an educated man to do, who might once have served the Republic or followed an interesting profession in a society which offered stability and leisure? Become the slave of Business at one extreme or drink himself to death at the other, but in any case absorb unconsciously enough of the commercial ideal to neutralize any other conception with which he may originally have started. For the most depressing thing about the period was that it did not even realize its tragedy. It was only afterwards that people like Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Van Wyck Brooks began to understand and write about it.

Now Mr. Beer's success with this un-self-conscious epoch is attained not merely through his minute knowledge of it and his exquisite appreciation of its humors but from the fact that he has found in the sprawling and unorganized, the prosaic and Philistine America of the end of the century a point of intellectual dignity from which to focus it. Stephen Crane was a single vortex of intensity in an almost stagnant sea. He was an artist not as the age understood artists but as the world understands them. I do not say that he was a great artist or that he was even of the first rank, but what he had was the real thing and he adulterated it with nothing else. He had arrived in prose, apparently without knowing anything about Maupassant and the rest of the school of Flaubert, at precisely their exact method and their ironic point of view, and in verse at a concise vers libre which at its best has scarcely been surpassed by any of the more profuse vers librists who have since received greater publicity; and he practised his art without infection by journalism of any kind. In fact, according to Mr. Beer, after years of training as a newspaper man, he was never even able to write newspaper copy successfully; he could no more suspend his artistic sincerity to write a half-column account of a fire than he could, in Active Service, to concoct a popular novel. And, as a result of this single-minded devotion to a purpose which at the time was as little comprehensible to Richard Watson Gilder as it was to Mrs. Astor, he was regarded with universal suspicion. Joseph Conrad, who knew him well, and Mr. Beer, who has been at pains to investigate, both bear witness in this book that Crane could never really have been described as dissipated and his writing is certainly the work of a man of unblunted intellectual edge; yet he was accused of everything from drug-taking and dying in delirium tremens to seducing country girls and attempting to burn James Gordon Bennett's yacht. As he said, in 1896, "When people see a banker taking a glass of beer in a café, they say, There is Smith. When they behold a writer taking a glass of beer, they say, Send for the police!"

As I have said, it is the presence of a man of this kind which seems to touch the period with importance. All

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the familiar features of the nineties, which, however we may be attached to them in memory, do not usually wear for us the aspect of being particularly interesting in themselves, take on a certain literary dignity when they become a part of Crane's experience: the Bowery, the Cuban War, Clyde Fitch and Lillian Russell, the debaucheries of the Haymarket and the racing days on the Jersey coast. What is exciting is to see the life of the nineties judged by a man of first-rate intelligence, who was also living in them —to see its literature tried by the touchstone of an artist of first-rate sincerity, who felt the hollowness of Stevenson and the importance of Henry James, who realized that Huckleberry Finn was spoiled as a novel by its final pages of farce and (I learn from another source than Mr. Beer's biography itself) used to amuse himself by trying to cut down the American poems of the Stedman period to the minimum of idea or emotion which they actually contained. What is touching and perhaps most startling of all to an American young enough to remember the slang and banter of the nineties as the language of a lost world, of an innocently rakish world which had nothing to do with ideas or art, is to hear that language mordantly talked by an intensely serious man: "I will bet all my marbles and my best top that Walter Besant is forgotten in twenty years;" "Mr. Yeats is the only man I have met who talks of Wilde with any sense. The others talk like a lot of little girls at a Sunday School party when a kid says a wicked word in a corner;" or his letter to a runaway boy whom he had found stranded in San Antonio: "Dear Deadeye Dick: Thanks for sending back my money so fast. The hotel trun me out, as my friends of the Bowery say. . . . Now, old man, take some advice from a tough jay from back East. You say your family is all right and nobody bothers you. Well, it struck me that you were too young a kid and too handsome to be free and easy around where a lot of bad boys and girls will take your pennies. So better stay home and grow a mustache before you rush out into the red universe any more."

In any case, Mr. Beer has put Crane squarely back in his place on the literary map. He was excluded by his own time and has remained something of an outlaw even in ours. His biographer has shown him as one of the most intellectually respectable Americans of the latter part of the century; and his works, if they are republished now, as there is a rumor they are to be, will have a lesson of artistic integrity to teach an age of easy writing.

EDMUND WILSON.

Mr. Asquith on the War

The Genesis of the War, by Herbert Henry Asquith. New York: George H. Doran Company. $6.00.

THERE are three chapters in this book—and only three—which tell us something really new. They are the chapters on Pre-War Preparations. In these Mr. Asquith gives an illuminating account of the splendid work of the Committee of Imperial Defence. He explains the theory and practical basis on which Home Defence was built up between 1908 and 1914. He reveals the "War Book" as perhaps the most important step of all. "Into the War Book, which was started in 1910, we incorporated all the pre-determined action, decided upon as the result of innumerable inquiries, in the contingency of war. It was constantly supplemented and kept up to date, and had by 1914 reached a remarkably high standard of completeness. Indeed, by then, the draft Orders in Council accompanied the King wherever he went in time of profound peace, as well as being kept set up in type in the printer's office; so that on a sudden outbreak of war they could be circulated and put into operation at a moment's notice." This ought to put an end to the legend of a Germany armed to the teeth suddenly setting upon peaceful neighbors unarmed and wholly unprepared. In one of these chapters Mr. Asquith also explains interestingly how the Dominions were taken into confidence and encouraged to assist the Mother Country by naval construction of their own. He gives verbatim Sir Edward Grey's frank statement of British foreign policy to the Dominion premiers in May, 1911, the statement being made, not before the Imperial Conference, but, for the sake of secrecy, to the Defence Committee, to which the premiers were invited for the occasion. Said Sir Edward: "What really determines the foreign policy of this country is the question of sea-power." This sentence, which is amply confirmed by Mr. Winston Churchill's recent book, is unquestionably sound and authoritative. It supports the thesis of Haller, in his notable criticism "Die Bülow Aera," that Germany's greatest blunder was her building of the big navy. But it cuts the ground from Mr. Asquith's contention that England's main reason for going into the war was for the defence of Belgian neutrality, "the feeling that it is impossible for people of our blood and history to be content to stand by, and help to keep a ring, while a big bully sets to work to thrash and trample to the ground a victim, who has given him no provocation, and who is his equal in everything but size and physical strength" (page 320).

For the rest, aside from these chapters, The Genesis of the War is an example of a magnificent opportunity thrown away. Here is Mr. Asquith, for nine years prime-minister of England, with the leisure of retirement from office, with unlimited personal knowledge, and presumably with a great amount of documentary material within easy reach. He sets out to write a volume on the causes of the war. He has an almost free field before him to give the world some inside information to vindicate England's policy, or at least to throw new light on the dark and difficult questions of relative responsibility. Thanks to the documentary revelations made by socialists since the war, we know pretty well what was going on behind the scenes in Berlin, Vienna, and Petrograd; and French policy has been set forth by a host of writers who vary in view-point all the way from Pevet to Poincaré. But the discussions in the British Cabinet and the despatches of the British Foreign Office have virtually remained under seven seals. To be sure, Mr. Winston Churchill has given a fascinating account of matters in which he played a leading part at the Admiralty, and occasionally lifts the veil a little from before the Cabinet. Lord Haldane has illumined with convincing dignity negotiations in which he took a part. But aside from these, and one or two others, the field was free to the distinguished ex-premier to give a fresh and first-hand account of the causes of the war so far as concerned England. Here was the opportunity to reply once and for all to the severe strictures of his colleague, Lord Loreburn (not to mention those of Mr. Morel), which have never been authoritatively answered. But Mr. Asquith throws the opportunity away. Why? Not, we believe, because England has not got fundamentally a pretty good case to stand on. But probably for other reasons. Partly, because Mr. Asquith is meticulous that

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"disclosures be confined to matters the publication of which can now be of no detriment to the State," and because of the British tradition of being "scrupulously niggardly in imparting information as to proceedings in the Cabinet" (page 21); and partly because Mr. Asquith would seem to have read only a few books on the subject, mostly memoirs and apologies like those of the ex-Kaiser, and not to have addressed himself to the important problems raised by recent documentary publications. He is still content to write as if we know no more now than we did in 1914. Germany is still solely responsible. "To fix the ultimate responsibility for the war a study of the officially published diplomatic correspondence is in itself still sufficient" (page 278). "Considerable additions have since come to light," he adds, "but they have left even less doubt than existed before as to the true apportionment of responsibility." That he can make such a statement is explained by the fact that he himself has evidently not read any of these "considerable additions," except as they have been reproduced in distorted and fragmentary form, for their own purposes, by Kautsky and Poincaré. Yet one would hardly go to either of these writers for an unprejudiced statement of German pre-war policy.

Mr. Asquith's book suffers also from the fact that he deals almost exclusively with Germany; he says little about Austria, and still less about Russia and Serbia. He knows nothing about the true date and reasons for the orders for general mobilization in Russia. Winston Churchill and Lloyd George had begun to lead one to think that English leaders had emancipated themselves from the fiction of Germany's sole responsibility. Mr. Asquith puts us back in the murky atmosphere of war propaganda. He writes as a politician seeking to make a case, not as a historian searching to know the truth. He who would know the real genesis of the war will not find it in Mr. Asquith's pages, but will turn rather to a well informed and well balanced account, like G. P. Gooch's History of Modern Europe, 1878-1919.

SIDNEY B. FAY.

Fiction Fair and Foul

Justice of the Peace, by Frederick Niven. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

The Lonely Furrow, by Maud Diver. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

One of the Guilty, by W. L. George. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

The Hopeful Journey, by Beatrice Kean Seymour. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.00.

The Hope of Happiness, by Meredith Nicholson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

Don Juan, by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

Arlie Gelston, by Roger L. Sergel. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $2.00.

IT is a highly commendable practice to republish worthy novels which the sands of time have almost buried. There should be a corps of literary excavators engaged in this salvage; and we suggest that a prize given for the best novel ten years after publication would be a satisfactory form for the next endowment of literature to take. Justice of the Peace is a revival, introduced with enthusiastic prefaces by Messrs. Hugh Walpole and Christopher Morley, and reverberations off stage by Miss Rebecca West. We are not quite prepared, however, to give the book first money. Possibly Messrs. Boni and Liveright and their henchmen do protest too much. There is the theme of parents and children, with a mother who runs Mrs. Pontifex a good second. There is Glasgow, seen with an artist's eye. There is an interesting background furnished by an authoritative study of the contemporary art of illustration. Above all, there is a refreshing absence of fictional pretension about the book—until Mr. Niven, without warning, has his hero, on the day of marriage and the opening of his triumphant exhibition, fall by the pen of his mother—a letter to the newspaper about nude female models being the deadly weapon.

The Lonely Furrow is Tennysonian in its theme, "Of Love who never found his earthly close," and in its solution, a renunciation tempered by mystical union. It is new in its background, northern India of the English occupation, and this background of the gigantic Himalayas and the lovely vale of Kashmire gives a magnificence and splendor in response to which humanity reveals itself in action as august and fine. The social background is likewise heroic. Mrs. Diver in the main keeps away from the controversial questions of modern India, but she makes it clear that her heart is with the fine traditions of British rule—individual responsibility, devotion and sacrifice to a subject people. With so much of elevation in theme and background it is appropriate that the style should be of a dignity beyond daily use and wont; but we find it hard to put up with such colloquialism as "One's sins may seem as scarlet, while one's motives are as unimpeachable as cotton wool."

Mr. George has established an easy formula for the novel, which may be described as setting up a character and conducting it through a series of closely related incidents, illustrating a phase of life, to a novelist's ending. In A Bed of Roses the phase of life was courtisanship; in Caliban, it was the press; in One of the Guilty, it is crime. Mr. George is invariably skilful in establishing his character, and thus promises more than he performs. After a little his attention flags; he becomes slipshod and slovenly. Clearly the material is too soft, the method too easy for a craftsman who could work in the solid substance and intricate pattern of The Second Blooming and Blind Alley. He needs the stimulus of difficulty. But meanwhile his pot boils.

Mrs. Seymour is a scrupulous performer who more than fulfills her promises. Her fundamental pattern is the family. She joins Mr. Forster, Miss E. M. Jones, Miss Sinclair, and Miss Delafield who have presented English upper middle-class life at the beginning of the twentieth century with the skill and zest which Miss Austen brought to it at the beginning of the nineteenth. In Intrusion Mrs. Seymour gave us a family novel which for brilliancy and penetration is no mean competitor of Howard's End or The Tree of Heaven. In The Hopeful Journey she has lengthened her perspective to include three generations, and deepened her intention to a kind of historical criticism, which is explicit in her reference to contemporary events and implicit in her theme—the journey of which the undying hope is in youth.

The initial advantage which the English novelist of manners possesses over the American by virtue of having a civilization to write about, is obvious if we place The Hope of Happiness beside The Hopeful Journey. Mr. Nicholson's serious characters murmur: "It's terrible to

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be lonely. And you are so big and strong; you can help me if you will," or "The only God I can feel is a spirit hovering all about, watching and loving us—the God of the Blue Horizons," to which his hero responds mentally: "Her phrase added majesty to the universe, made the invisible God intelligible and credible." With such people it is hardly fair to blame the author for the thinness of social life implied by a lecture at the art institute—"A famous painter was to speak and it promised to be an interesting occasion." It is a note of the life discussed by Mr. Nicholson that his characters cannot take a drink without having it recorded, but again Mr. Nicholson is not to blame. We do think, however, that he is to blame for a garish bit of fiction flung across his book—a mother who sends her perfectly honorably born son to live in the city with his illegitimate father—a multi-millionaire—to watch over him and protect him. Not much can be made of such a situation in Indianapolis, and Mr. Nicholson does not make much of it.

Mr. Lewisohn has two theses, one, Milton's view of marriage and divorce, the other Don Juan's view of life. The second theme is introduced by way of reprisal against a society which will not accept the first; but Mr. Lewisohn and his hero treat both with the same conviction. We are left a little in doubt whether they are really Milton or Don Juan or both. The book has the characteristic fault of the thesis novel; the problem is real but the characters who dramatize it are not. They are puppets speaking in Mr. Lewisohn's falsetto.

Arlie Gelston is encouragingly free from second-rate fictional devices. In its small town middle western realism it recalls West of the Water Tower, but it is stronger and bolder. The story of Arlie's seduction, pregnancy and parturition is the most detailed and authoritative treatment in American fiction of the tragedy of the primaeval curse. The author remains true to Arlie and to his method, in his narrative of her later experience. It is not his fault that she is not always in an interesting condition. His limitations are biological, not artistic; and he fully earns the commendation of Messrs. Dreiser, Anderson and Hecht who, like the herald angels, sing together on the jacket at his advent.

R. M. L.

A Procession of Masks

A Procession of Masks, by Herbert S. Gorman. Boston: B. J. Brimmer Company. $2.00.

THE essays in this volume, as the title happily implies, take their subjects under the guise of maskers, people whose art is a thing worn for the world to know them by, as a mask covers and reveals and makes more abstract and memorable the figure behind it. Swinburne, Van Gogh, Arthur Symons, Lafcadio Hearn, Emily Dickinson and others are brought past; but the best revelation of the lot is Edwin Arlington Robinson. A long essay on Mr. Robinson, his moods and his work, is carried through with more security and sympathy and comprehension than any discussion that I have seen about him. Many fine transcriptions of this poet's quality appear under the poetic hand that here writes of him; and Mr. Gorman is saying remarkable things when he writes of Mr. Robinson's lack of Latin fire and of how "when he is passionate, it is with a cerebral consciousness of the devouring flame," or when he points out the process by which even in Mr. Robinson's early work "meditation extinguished emotionalism," or when he speaks of how at times "the tensely-packed thought marches past, beating inexorably upon the brain, and then comes the high gust of pictorial poetry that illuminates the entire proceeding." After the Robinson essay the best part of the volume is the last. Here are recorded the intimate reflections of one of the younger generation; speaking delicately and beautifully of his youth in Springfield, his days in the library there, his change of heart; and passing from all that to one's elders nowadays, what they think of the new generation, and what the new generation thinks of them; what it dreams for itself, and what joy there is in riding the wind of a new era. This, the last mask of all the procession, is a brave and touching thing.

S. Y.

Religious Experience of John Humphrey Noyes, Founder of the Oneida Community. Compiled and edited by George Wallingford Noyes. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

IN the midst of the dolls which simper and smirk before the reviewing stand, it is refreshing to see a real man stride up boldly, look the judge scornfully in the face and go his unbending way. It is hard to conceive a book more out of touch with modern problems than this first half of the life of the founder of the Oneida Community. It is not only a headlong dive into the sea of mysticism—where von Hügel, Dean Inge, David Lawrence and H. G. Wells disport lustily—but into the Sargasso sea of perfectionism. Think of these weeds to swim among, grown so high that they stick up as chapter headings—The Second Coming of Christ, Reinterpretation of Prophecy, Security and Freedom from Law! Lashings of soul, renunciation of home ties, the boiling foam of antinomianism, weird manipulations of scripture, wanderings into lunacy, await the hardy soul who dares the adventure to which this book beckons. But there is rich treasure for the modern man who can ride those billows. There is a style as perspicuous as Franklin's, a humor as unforced and unexpected as Cowper's, a moving sincerity and a wanton logic. Best of all, there is an escape from the weeds, a swirling off from the rocks and the making of a harbor. The book unfortunately closes before we are permitted to see the outlines of the Oneida Community but not before we have renewed our faith in those who launch forth into the deep.

A. W. V.

Contributors

JOHN W. OWENS has for a number of years been a political reporter on the staff of the Baltimore Sun.

W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS was professor of economics and history at Atlanta University from 1896-1910, since which time he has been director of the Department of Publicity and Research for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the editor of the Crisis. He is the author of a number of books dealing with the Negro problem. Mr. Du Bois has recently attended sessions of the Pan-African Congress in London and in Lisbon. At present he is visiting the West Coast of Africa.

LUCY MARTIN DONNELLY, professor of English at Bryn Mawr College, spent last year travelling in India and the East.

EDMUND WILSON was formerly on the editorial staff of Vanity Fair and later of the New Republic.

SIDNEY B. FAY, professor of European history at Smith College, has contributed articles to the Nation, the Independent and the American Historical Review.

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